

DUTTON'S WORLD AT WORK SERIES

IN FIELD AND
PASTURE



WORLD AT WORK SERIES

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IN FIELD AND PASTURE

BY

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WORLD AT WORK. II.

E. P. 5

PREFACE

THE stories in this volume are about peoples more advanced than those treated in Book I. The tilling of the soil and the domestication of animals mark a higher stage of progress. It is an interesting fact, and one worth knowing, that there are types of people living to-day much as they did in the time of Abraham, while some of the agricultural peoples are highly civilized.

To some persons it may appear to be of little importance for the young child to follow the steps of man's industrial advancement as indicated in these stories. It certainly can do no harm. He may get an inkling of the fact that the complex civilization of to-day has grown up from simple elemental beginnings. Moreover, the out-of-door life of the herdsman and the farmer is so universal in its human significance, that it has a place in the social culture of the child.

The hand work to accompany these stories is as interesting as it is educational, and is already successfully accomplished in progressive schools.

It is believed that the illustrations will be approved for their variety and excellence of adaptation to the subjects treated. In order to make the environment of these various peoples still more vivid, the use of the stereopticon and the stereoscope is recommended.

Acknowledgments are due to Miss Lucy H. Weiser, of Teachers College, for assistance in outlining the hand

work; to Dr. Hermon C. Bumpus and his associates in the American Museum of Natural History, New York, for the illustrations on pages 9, 11, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 29, 69, 70, 71, 72, 75; to Mr. George H. Pepper of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, for valuable suggestions concerning the Navajo and Zuñi Indians and the use of the pictures on pages 14, 27, 56, 58, 59, 63, 64, 65, 67, 76, 79; to Dr. Otis T. Mason of the United States National Museum, Washington, D.C., for his kind assistance and suggestions and the pictures on pages 7, 12, 13, 15, 18, 19, 28, 33, 60, 81, 82, 87, 90, 91, 93, 94, 95, 96, 105, 113, 115, 120, 146, 148, 150; and to the Underwood & Underwood Stereograph Company for copyrighted illustrative material as indicated.

S. T. D.

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IN FIELD AND PASTURE

WHITE CLOUD

THE LITTLE PUEBLO GIRL

GOOD morn-
ing, little White
Cloud! What
a queer name for
a little brown
Indian girl.

When White
Cloud was a
baby, the river
dried up. Every
day there was a
blue sky over-
head. Every
day the air
was full of sun-
shine. The green

sprouts of corn turned yellow. The Indians
were afraid that the corn would die. Then
they would have no meal for bread.



White Cloud

One day White Cloud's mother woke up early. The air was cooler. She climbed up to the roof of the house and looked across the great plain. Far away on the horizon she saw a little white cloud. Then another little cloud put up its head. Then up came another, — and another.

White Cloud's mother ran down the ladder. She woke up White Cloud's father. "There are clouds in the sky to-day. We shall have rain," she said.

When White Cloud's father woke up, there came a wee cry from the blanket. It was a baby's voice. The Indian mother picked up the baby. "She shall be named after the cloud," she said. "The clouds will bring us good fortune. So will our little girl."

So that is how a brown baby came to be called White Cloud.

This queer little girl with the queer name lived in a queer house.

It was a very old house. It was built many years before White Cloud was born. It was

built even before White Cloud's father was born.

Long ago a tribe of Indians came up into these mountains. They were hunting for a



White Cloud's Home

home. At last they found the green valley among the mountains. They could look far down over the plain. They could see if other Indians were coming.

The hunting was good, for many wild beasts

lived in these mountains. So the Indians decided to stay.

But they had no tents. They could not make tents, because they had no cloth. They could not weave cloth, because they had no sheep to give them wool.

There was a river running through this valley. In the summer the hot sun drank up the water. Then its rays beat down on the river bed. It baked the earth until it was hard like rock. The Indians saw the hard earth. They knew it was clay.

They waited until the river was full again. The soil on the banks was soft and moist. They molded bricks out of it.

They dried the bricks in the sun until they were hard like the river bed. Then they built their houses with the bricks.

But there was not much room in the valley to build houses, so they put one house on top of another. Can you see in the picture how they did it? The village looks like a pair of stairs.

White Cloud lived in the topmost house of all. She had to climb five ladders to reach her house. The door of her house was in the roof. As she stood on the top of the ladder, she could see the little burros feeding below.



The Village

Then down into the house she popped, just like a jack-in-the-box.

White Cloud's sister was coming out of the house. She could not run up the ladder as fast as White Cloud, for she had a jar of water on her head. She had brought the water from the river.

Up one ladder, two ladders, three ladders, four ladders, five ladders, she climbed. She

carried her head straight and stiff, so as not to spill one drop of water.

To-day was baking day in White Cloud's house. White Cloud's mother and sisters



White Cloud's Sister

were very busy. White Cloud was too little to help, but she liked to watch.

The big basket was full of ears of corn. One sister filled the trough full of yellow kernels. Then she took a heavy stone and crushed the corn into meal. She crushed it until

it was finer yet. "See, little White Cloud," she said, "how golden it looks."

White Cloud's mother was waiting to mix the meal with water. Then she rolled it out into thin cakes, which she baked on a flat stone over the fire.

White Cloud liked to smell the bread baking. She liked to see it turn from gold to



Making Bread

brown. But most of all she liked to eat the cakes when they were done.

Do you see how White Cloud's sisters wore their hair? White Cloud pulled her black hair every day, to try and make it grow longer. She wanted to wear it in rolls over

her ears. She wanted to look like a butterfly, too. Then she would be a young lady.



Carrying the Baby

In the spring-time White Cloud was glad that she was a little girl. She took off her moccasins, and waded up and down in the river. She dug her brown toes into the mud.

Baby brother on White Cloud's back laughed

White Cloud gave him pebbles to drop into the water. How they splashed! The water splashed in White Cloud's eyes, but she did not care.

White Cloud's father had dug long ditches from the river through the fields. White

Cloud waded up one ditch and down another. The river was full now. It ran through the long ditches, softening the hard clay.

Then White Cloud's father harnessed his ponies to the plow. He drove them up and down the field, cutting deep furrows in the ground.

Behind the plow followed an Indian boy carrying a basket of corn. He dropped the golden and red kernels into the furrow and covered them over with the soft earth.

All summer long White Cloud's father worked in the corn field. In the fall the corn stalks were high above White Cloud's head. She watched the ears of corn grow longer and longer, day by day. She felt of the silky tassels. At last the corn was ripe.



White Cloud's Mother

The Indians gathered in the ears. They tore off the husks and filled the big bags full of corn.

Then White Cloud's father tied the bags on the back of a burro and went down the mountain.

He knew where other Indians lived. These Indians had great flocks of sheep. These Indians made beautiful blankets, but they had no corn. White Cloud's father took them some of his corn.

They did not give him money for the corn. They gave him some blankets. They filled his empty bags with sheep's wool. Then White Cloud's father drove the burro home again. He gave one of the blankets to White Cloud's mother. It was a white blanket with red and black stripes.

How pleased White Cloud's mother was with it. She put on her best dark blue dress. Around her waist she tied her best belt. She put her turquoise necklace around her neck. Then she tried on her new blanket.

White Cloud had watched the burro climbing up the mountain. He came very slowly, so White Cloud knew that the bags were full.

She saw the new blanket. She hoped that it was for her. When she saw her father give it to her mother, the tears came to her eyes.

White Cloud's father patted the little girl on the head. "I have not forgotten White Cloud," he said. He opened one of the bags and drew out some wool. Some was red. Some was green. Some was blue.

White Cloud held out her hands. It was so soft, and the colors were so pretty. "Wait, little White Cloud," said her father. "Wait and see what your mother will make for you." White Cloud's mother took the wool and carried it into the pueblo.

"What are you going to make me?" White Cloud whispered. But her mother only replied, "Wait and see." So White Cloud waited.

She watched her mother get her long

spindle and spin the wool. How fast the spindle whirled! Round and round it



Spinning the Wool

went. The spindle grew fatter and fatter, until it was full of white yarn.

Then White Cloud saw her mother get down her long, narrow loom.

"I know, I know," cried

White Cloud. "Mother is going to weave me a belt."

She jumped up and down and clapped her hands.

White Cloud's mother took the dark blue yarn. She drew the long threads through the loom. Then she began to weave. Back and forth went the white threads. Back and forth went the green threads.

Do you see the pretty figure that White Cloud's mother wove in the belt? Look on



Weaving a Belt

the edge of each figure. Do you see the five little points?



The Belt

"What are they, mother?" White Cloud asked. And her mother replied: "They are

little clouds. I saw them in the sky one morning. That is why I named you White Cloud."

Do you remember how White Cloud's sister carried the water? One day White Cloud asked if she might bring the water. Her mother said yes.

White Cloud put the jar on her head. She climbed down the ladders very slowly. She reached the river without letting it fall.

Then she filled her jar full of clear water. She put it back on her head. It was much heavier now, but White Cloud carried it safely to the house.

Then she climbed up the first ladder. On the top round she stubbed her toe. Down fell the jar. It broke in seven pieces. A very sad little Indian girl picked them up, one by one, and carried them to her mother.

"I am so sorry," she said.

"Never mind, White Cloud," her mother replied. "I will make a new jar out of these pieces."

"O mother, can you do that?" White Cloud asked, her eyes wide open with surprise. "Watch," said her mother.

White Cloud sat down on the blanket. She watched her mother bring the big flat



Mixing the Clay

stone and put the broken pieces of the jar in a bowl.

Then her mother took a smaller stone. She crushed the pieces hard. She ground them. Then she mixed them with clay and

water. By and by the clay was soft like the clay that you use in school. Then White Cloud's mother shaped a jar from it. Do you see it in her lap?



Rolling the Clay

Next she made a long roll of clay. What was she going to do with this long roll?

White Cloud came closer. She watched carefully.

Her mother began to coil it around the rim of the jar. She pinched it gently so that it

staid in place. Round and round and round went the coil. After it went the brown fingers pinching it into shape.



The Coil of Clay

White Cloud saw the bowl grow higher and higher. She wished that she could make a jar.

“Is it not big enough now?” asked White Cloud.

“Yes, now I will smooth over the rough spots,” replied her mother.

She took a piece of squash rind and rubbed it around inside the jar. Then she let White Cloud feel of it. There were no rough places left.



Decorating the Jar

Next she dipped a piece of rabbit's fur in some white paint and painted the jar.

It was much prettier now. It was prettier still when White Cloud's mother polished it. She rubbed it hard with a little stone. The bowl grew brighter and shinier.

"Now it must be decorated," said her mother. She took her brush made from the fibers of a leaf. Carefully she drew the pretty pattern on the jar. Sometimes she dipped her brush in the red paint. Sometimes she dipped it in the black.

"Oh, how pretty! how pretty!" cried little White Cloud. "And now it is done."

"No," said her mother; "it

is soft now. We must bake it." She carried the new bowl very carefully down the ladder. Out in the yard was a little oven. White Cloud's mother put the bowl inside the oven. Then she built a fire. She baked the jar for a long time.



Baking the Jar

At last the paint was dry. The clay was hard. The beautiful new jar was finished.



A Duck-shaped Bowl

Sometimes White Cloud's mother made other shaped bowls. She made one that looked like a duck. Do you think that you could make as pretty a bowl?

She made its long beak. She

Painted its wings. White Cloud tried to make bowls too. It was such fun to work in the clay.

White Cloud's mother made another bowl in the shape of a sheep. Do you see its



A Sheep-shaped Bowl

little crooked horns and its little bob tail?

When I was a little girl I used to play in grandmother's garden. There were red and pink poppies blowing in the wind. There were morning-glories twisting around the bean poles. There were so many sweet peas that I never could pick them all.

But there was one plant that I did not like. It had long, stiff leaves. It looked like the top of a big pineapple. Grandmother



A Yucca Plant

said that it was a yucca lily. She told me to watch it. One day I found a stalk growing in the midst of the leaves. It grew to be as tall as I was.

One day it blossomed. Ten creamy-white lilies hung like bells on the stalk. They looked as if they were made of wax. I ran to tell grandmother.



Weaving a Basket

White Cloud had no flower garden. But out on the plain she found

yucca lily plants. She broke off the long leaves and carried a large armful home.

White Cloud was sixteen years old now. Her straight black hair had grown long. Now she looked like a butterfly.

White Cloud's arms were very strong. She could carry a large pile of yucca leaves. When she reached home



The First Basket

she wove a basket out of them.

This was the first basket that White Cloud ever made. It was great fun to weave it.

White Cloud made another one.



Another Basket

Then she made still another. They were all different. Which one do you like best?

Yes, White Cloud was a little girl no longer. She grew up tall and straight and strong. Let us say good-by to her.

Here she comes with a jar on her head. She will not break it this time.

Good-by, little brown girl with the white name. Good-by, little White Cloud.

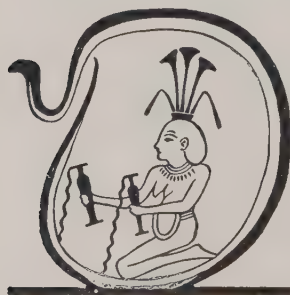


Carrying a Jar

PEPY AND ATHOR

✓ CHILDREN OF THE NILE VALLEY

WOULD you ever guess that this was the picture of a river? It is a very old picture.



The man who drew it lived in a valley where it was summer most of the year. No rain came to wet his corn. The hot sun tried hard to dry it up. But the river came to the corn and said:—

“I will help you. I will bring you cool, fresh water.” So the corn grew ripe, and the man had plenty to eat.

This made the man love the river. He loved it so much that he drew a picture of it. He tried to tell the story of the river in the picture. Here is the story. See if you can find it there.

“I was born in a dark cavern. I have two streams. One is the Blue Nile. The other is the White Nile. My streams flow together. Then men call me the Nile River. I have lotus flowers on my banks.”



“Only the high places are left”

The Nile is one of the most wonderful rivers in the world. Part of the year it flows quietly along in its river bed. But in June it begins to rise. Higher and higher it comes. It overflows its banks. Its waters spread over the

land. Only the high places are left. They stick up like turtles' heads above water. The valley looks now like a bay filled with little islands.

About the middle of September the river stops rising. It calls to the water to come back to the river bed. Slowly the water obeys. The islands grow larger and larger. They seem to stretch out their arms to each other. They join hands. Then we have the valley once more, with the little river flowing through it.

But all of the water could not get back to the river. Some of it had fallen into wells and canals. The men in the valley had built these traps to catch the water. That was the way they saved it for the dry season.

Here is a picture of one of the wells. This is a very large one. The man makes a camel draw up the water for him. The camel walks round and round, to turn the wheel and draw up the water.

But the river left something else behind it

besides part of the water. It left a coat of soft black mud. Perhaps you think the men did not like to have their land covered with mud. No, you are wrong. The mud was



A Camel drawing Water

rich soil. It was much better for the corn than the sand underneath. In fact, the men liked the mud so much that they named their land after it. They called it Kermit, which means the black land. But we do not call it by this name. We call it Egypt.

Would you like to know two Egyptian boys, Pepy and Athor? They are jolly little fellows. Their skin is so black and shiny that they look like little bronze statues. Their hair is



Learning how to Plow

black and curly, but you cannot see it under their tight-fitting caps. They wear no clothes but a loose white shirt. It is too hot to wear anything else in Egypt.

Pepy and Athor do not go to school. They

cannot read or write. But they have other things to learn. To-day they were learning to plow. They could already yoke the oxen. Their father was showing them how to cut a straight furrow. See how carefully Pepy and Athor watched. When the furrow was cut they sowed corn in it. Then they covered it over with the soft earth. Pepy and Athor have helped do this many times. They cut many furrows before the sun went down. The boys were glad when they saw it drop behind the hills. The oxen were glad, too, to have the heavy yoke taken off. Pepy and Athor brought them some water from the well.

“Now, boys, I must take the cow down to the Nile,” called their father. “Who wants a ride?”

“I do, I do,” shouted two voices together. Two strong arms swung the boys up on the cow’s back. It was not a very comfortable seat, but Pepy and Athor were not used to cushioned chairs. They swung their bare legs against the cow’s side as she walked.

"See, Athor," cried Pepy, as they neared the river, "here is Hor and his camel. Isn't the camel a big fellow. He needs two men to take care of him."



The Cow and the Camel

When the camel saw the boys on the cow he stopped drinking. He lifted his head high in the air. See what a long neck he has.

The boys' father led the cow into the Nile. He was glad to wash the dust off his feet,

too. Hor turned his turbaned head about and looked at the boys.

"To-morrow," said Hor, "I will go up to the city. I must see the merchant about my grain. There will be room in the boat for two boys. But they must be boys who can sit still. They must be boys who can wait patiently while I do my business. They must—" Hor turned as he heard a splash in the river. Pepy was running through the water.

"Oh, please, Athor and I can sit very still," called the boy. "Oh, please—"

"Well, well," said Hor, "if your father is willing, you shall go."

The next morning Pepy and Athor awoke very early. You must not think they were afraid it would rain. The sun always shines in Egypt. But the boys wanted to say good-bye to their baby camel. They found it out in the meadow with its mother. It was not very pretty. Its legs were so very long. It would not come to Pepy, but it

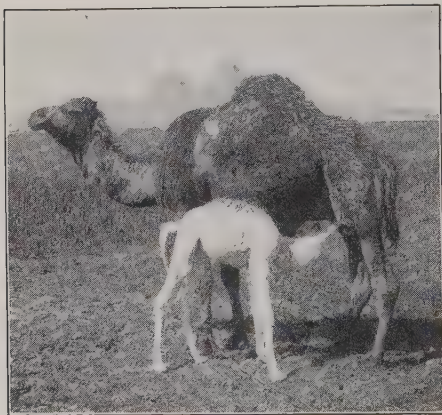
stayed close by its mother's side. It was still a baby.

"When our camel grows up," says Athor, "we will teach it to plow."

"Yes, and to work the well," added Pepy.

"And best of all to give us rides on its back. Perhaps we can cross the desert then.

But, come, I see Hor. I'll race you, Athor, to the boat."



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The Baby Camel and its Mother

The boys had on clean white shirts, but they were still bare-foot. They had never worn shoes and stock-

ings. They washed the dust off their feet in the river. Then Hor hurried them into the boat.

The wind was blowing. It filled the white sail. Away went the boat down the river.

Two small boys sat very still in the bottom of the boat. Four black eyes were watching everything they passed.

First, they sailed by long lines of palm trees. It was very early in the day. Few



Boats on the Nile

people were up yet. But soon they saw men here and there along the banks. There was one man and his ox drawing water from the river. The ox was working just like the camel in the other picture.

The man was getting ready to water his fields of corn. At one side the boys saw two white donkeys. They had great leather bags



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Drawing Water

on their backs. The men were busy filling them with water.

"What a thirsty land Egypt is," said Athor. "It is always crying for water."

"Oh, but look, boys, look here," cried Hor. "Here is a

rich Arab starting for the desert. See the fringe hanging from the camel's neck. The Arab is drinking his last cup of water from the Nile. By night he will be far away from the river."

"But can't he have any more water to drink then?" asked Athor.

“Oh, yes,” replied Hor, “he will carry a large bag of water with him. Look, boys, and see the camel lift his big feet. They



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Starting for the Desert

will not sink into the sand as the donkey's feet would.”

“And there is the big pyramid behind. Tell us about that, Hor, please.”

“It is very old,” said Hor, slowly. “We do not know who built it. All the old

Egyptian kings used to build pyramids. Each king began one when he came to the throne. The men built on it until the king died. This king must have reigned many years, for the pyramid is very high. When you come close to it, it looks like a stone mountain."

"Can you go inside?" asked Athor.

"Yes, but I think you would not like it. There are rooms inside, but the air is very musty. It is very dark, too — But here is something that you will like better than pyramids."

The boys were leaning over the rail. They had never seen such a sight before. There on the rocky bank were stretched five crocodiles. Some boys and men were trying to catch them. They were the largest creatures the boys had ever seen. They had shell coats and long, horny tails. They opened their big mouths wide.

"Oh, Hor, will they swallow the boys?" cried Athor.

“Oh, no,” laughed Hor. “They are stupid creatures. They cannot catch the boys, for the men will shoot them.”

“But sometimes they do eat men, don’t they, Hor?”



Catching Crocodiles

“Sometimes they eat cows, that is why the man is shooting them. Ah, the sun is hot; I will lie down and take a nap until we reach town.”

The boys wondered how Hor could go to

sleep. There were still so many things to be seen.

Sometimes they passed long rows of women coming down to the river. They



Women with Water Jars

were dressed in dark blue dresses. They wore shawls over their heads to keep off the sun. Each one had a little mat on her head, too. On it rested her big water jar. Some of the women wore rings in their noses. But Pepy and Athor did not think this

queer. Their mother always wore a ring in her nose.

The boat was sailing very slowly now. They could watch the women come down close to the river. They watched them fill the big jars and put them back on their heads.



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Filling Jars with Water

“See the baby, too,” cried Pepy. “She is just like our own little sister at home,” and they waved their hands to the little black baby.

The sailboat was leaving the water carriers far behind. "Wake up, Hor, we are almost at the town," cried Pepy and Athor. Surely enough the boat was drawing near to the landing. The boys waited for Hor to step out first and then they sprang quickly after



Selling Sugar Cane

him. They had never heard so much noise before. They had never seen such high stone buildings. There were stalls everywhere with pretty things to buy.

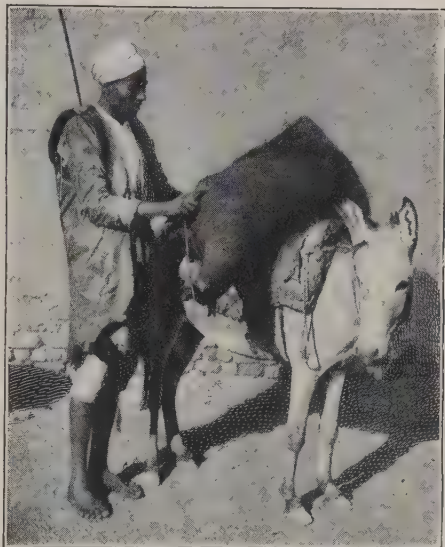
Here were two women sitting on the side-

walk, selling sugar cane. Here was a shop full of bright-colored turbans. Here were pottery stores. There were rows and rows

of water jars such as the women carried on their heads.

Hor stopped at one of the fruit stalls. He bought a basket of fresh green figs and some hard cakes. The boys knew these were for lunch.

“Now where is the water carrier?” Hor looked up the street. “Ah, here he comes.”



A Water Carrier

Down the street came pattering a little donkey. He had the strangest bag on his back that you ever saw. It was the skin of a calf sewed together to make a bag. It was full of water and very heavy for the little donkey. Behind him trotted his master shouting: “Water,

water. Come buy a drink of cool, fresh water."

"Yes, stop a moment," said Hor, "and we will buy a drink."



A Lady on a Donkey

The water carrier untied the neck of the bag. He filled a cup for each of the boys. Then Hor gave the boys some figs and cakes. They sat down in a shady doorway and ate their lunch.

While they were eating an Egyptian lady

passed by. She was riding a white donkey. Behind her followed her servant. He carried a long stick to whip the donkey. But he was a good little donkey. He did not need to be whipped much.

The Egyptian lady was barefoot just like Pepy and Athor. But she wore a gold band about her ankle. She had strings of yellow beads hanging about her neck. You could not see her face, for she wore a long veil. Only her eyes looked out above it at Pepy and Athor.

The boys saw another Egyptian lady go by, too. She was walking. Like the other lady, you could only see her eyes. She was taking her little baby out to ride. But she did not take him in a baby carriage. She carried him on her shoulder. Did you ever carry a kitty



Woman and Baby

on your shoulder? This is the way all Egyptian women carry their babies.

It did not take the boys long to eat lunch. There was so much that they wanted to see in the city. Hor promised to take them up to the tombs. This is what he told the boys as they walked along.

Long years ago, before the Egyptians could write, they told stories by pictures.



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Pictures on the Rocks

When a great man died, they could not write a book about him. So they carved pictures on his tomb. These pictures tell you the story of the man's life.

Here we are and you shall see for yourself.

I cannot show you all the pictures the boys saw. Here is one they liked best of all. It is a hippopotamus hunt. Hor told them that

long ago the hippopotamus used to live in the Nile River. He showed the boys the strange beast hiding in the swamp under the lotus



Hunting the Hippopotamus

flowers. The birds had built their nests there, too, for the hippopotamus did not harm them.

He was resting after eating a nice dinner of grass and seaweed.

Here is a man going on a hunt. He is

sailing down the river with his wife and little boy. They spied the hippopotamus. The man is throwing his spear. The little boy is trying to lasso him. Do you think they will catch him ?

“ And here,” said Hor, “ are pictures of our great, great, great-grandfathers. Here are men who lived just where you do to-day, and they are doing just what your father does. See, here are the men plowing.

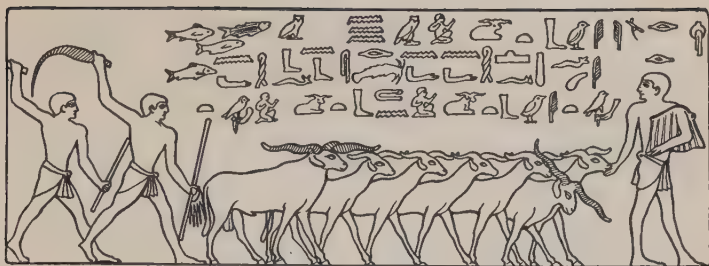


Men Plowing

“ The oxen have on a yoke just like your oxen’s yoke, Pepy. Then you know, Athor, how they sow the corn.

“ Oh, and Pepy, here are the rams treading in the seed ! ”

This was a fine picture. You could almost hear the men shouting to the rams. Back



Rams tramping the Corn into the Ground

and forth they drove the herd. They tramped the corn down into the soft earth.

Then Pepy found a picture of a reaper. The corn was full grown now and ready to be cut. So the reaper came with his sickle.



A Reaper

He cut the sheaves and tied them into bundles.

“And here,” called little Athor, “is the donkey carrying it away. See the baby donkey, too!

“And what are these funny donkeys doing, Hor?”

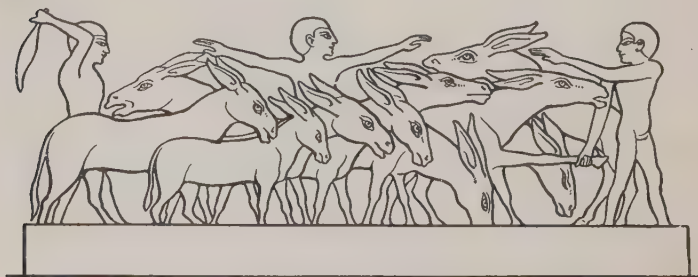
“They are threshing out the corn. The

men spread the corn on the floor. Then they drive the donkeys over it. Their hard hoofs tread out the corn. But some of the donkeys do not like it. They are trying to run away. Others are trying to steal a bite.



Donkeys carrying Sheaves

Look out, Mr. Donkeys, you will get your noses stepped on."



Donkeys Threshing

"Isn't it funny, Hor, that these people are doing just what our father does?" said Pepy.
 "Let's see some more."

But Hor shook his head. "No more pictures to-day. Now I must see about my grain."

He took the boys by the hand. Together they walked back to the boat. Then Hor left them to play by the river bank while he went to see the grain merchant.

The boys stood on the shore looking at their boat. It was rocking up and down on the little waves.

"Some day, Athor," said Pepy, "we shall have a boat all our own, and we will sail down the river into the ocean. And we shall see all the whole wide world."

"Yes, the whole wide world," echoed little Athor. "But, Pepy, we shall always come back to the Nile."

Peppy was sitting down on the bank. His little black toes were splashing in the water. "Yes," he replied; "we shall always come back to the Nile."

HARE TRACK

THE NAVAJO BOY

“WHOА, little boy! Stop a moment, little burro! Tell us, little Indian boy, who you are?”



Hare Track and his Burro

“I am a Navajo Indian. My name is Hare Track. Do you know why? I will tell you.

“My father went up the mountains to hunt. He left my mother all alone. He found hare tracks in the snow. He followed the tracks until he caught six hares to bring home.

“When he came home he found me. I was a brown papoose. My mother held me up to show my father.

“‘What a pretty boy!’ said my father. ‘He is as pretty as the hare tracks were in the snow. The hare tracks brought me good luck.’ He held up the six little hares. ‘I will name my son Hare Track. He will bring me good luck, too.’”

“But where are you going, Hare Track?”

Hare Track pointed to the mountains.
“Up there.”

“But why will you go up there?”

“The Hot Moon is come. The yellow flowers have dropped from the grease-wood bushes. The grass is dry on the plain. There is no water. We must take the sheep up higher.

"Here is my father, Red Eagle. He does not ride on a burro. See his fine, large horse. When the Hunting Moon comes, I shall have a horse. Father has promised me one.



Red Eagle

"Here I am, father. Shall we start?"

"Yes, Hare Track. You and I will drive the ponies."

This was not easy to do, for there were fifty ponies. They all belonged to Red Eagle. He had to take them all up the mountain.

There was no road to follow across the plain, but there was a narrow path.

"This is the trail," said Hare Track's father. "You must help me keep the ponies in it."

Hare Track whipped his burro. He galloped along by the ponies. Some of the ponies were very frisky. Sometimes a pony tried to run away.

Hare Track ran after him. He drove the naughty pony back. It was better fun than Hare Track had ever had in his life.

Sometimes he looked behind him to see the long line of his father's white sheep following. He heard the goats bleating. He waved his brown hand to his mother.

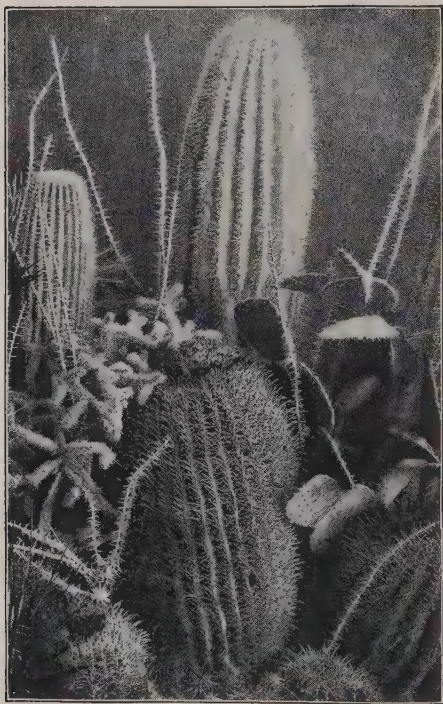
Her name was Blue Feather. Blue Feather was riding a pony. Hare Track's brothers and sisters were riding beside her. They helped keep the sheep and goats in the trail.



Riding across the Mountains

The lazy sheep wanted to nibble the grass. They tried to scratch their heads on the prickly cactus bushes.

Blue Feather rode up behind them. The sheep heard the ponies' hoofs. They were



Cactus Bushes

afraid. They ran ahead again. "B a - b a - b a," they cried.

Little burros trotted along by Blue Feather. They carried queer - looking loads on their backs. One of them carried Blue Feather's loom. Some of them carried blankets. Red

Eagle carried everything that he owned up the mountain except his house. The little house was left alone and empty on the plain.

It was very warm on the plain, so Hare Track was glad when they began to climb the mountain. Before long he found a brook rippling down the mountain. Hare

Track knew now that the snow on the mountain was melting. He was glad. Now there would be plenty of water for the sheep and the ponies.

He let his burro drink. Then he tumbled to the ground. He lay down beside the brook and put his face into the water. He drank just like a little burro himself.

How cool it was! How nice it felt on his hot, dusty cheeks.

The little burro liked it, too. He was hot and tired. Hare Track patted his neck. Then he took hold of his mane and climbed up the burro's fore leg. Away he rode.



Burros Loaded

Before three o'clock they were far up the mountain. Red Eagle called Hare Track to him. "Stay with the ponies," he said, "while I go ahead and find a spring."

So Hare Track stayed behind. The ponies were tired now. They did not try to run away. Hare Track drove them on slowly. He was tired, too. He was glad when he saw Red Eagle coming back. He knew that he had found a spring.

Red Eagle drove the ponies on to the spring. He let them drink. Then came the long line of sheep. They saw the ponies drinking. They scrambled over the rocks. "Ba-ba. We want to drink. Ba-ba," and they dipped their noses into the water.

All the mountain side was green. The ponies began to feed. And the sheep even ate the bushes, they were so hungry after their long journey. Red Eagle left Blue Feather with the ponies and the sheep and went off to find a place to build a house. He took Hare Track with him.

They searched until they found a clearing. Here they built their house. It did not take long to do it.

Red Eagle cut down a pine tree with his ax. He cut off all the branches. He stuck the branches in the ground in a circle and twisted their tops together.



The Sheep Drinking

The new house looked like a big bird's nest. Red Eagle called it a hogan. On one side he left an opening. This was the door.

Hare Track ran back to the flock. He found the burro with the blankets on his

back. He led him to the house. Red Eagle took off the blankets.

He spread two blankets on the hogan floor. He hung one in the doorway for a curtain.



The Hogan

“Run, Hare Track, and tell your mother that the hogan is ready.” Hare Track ran back to the spring. He told his mother that the hogan was finished. He called his brothers and sisters.

He showed them their new home. Then

Red Eagle built a fire of dry wood, and Blue Feather roasted the meat over it. They were all as hungry as the sheep were.

The little papoose had gone to sleep. Hare Track lay down on the blanket beside him. He looked up through the branches



At Home by the Hogan

of the hogan. He saw one little star in the sky. Soon he saw another, but before he could count three stars he was fast asleep.

When Hare Track woke the next morn-

ing the sun was shining. Red Eagle was standing in the doorway in his clean white shirt. He had on new trousers, made of blue and white calico. Hare Track wished that he had some trousers just like them.

Blue Feather and his sisters were sitting on the floor. They all had on calico dresses, and strings of blue beads about their necks.

Outdoors he could see the sheep. He remembered that he was up on the mountain. He rolled off the blanket and ran out of doors. The grass was wet with dew. It felt cool to his little bare feet. The birds were singing. Over by the spring was his little burro. His white nose was deep in the water. The goats were climbing over the rocks.

He saw his little brother and sister. They were making mud pies. How glad he was that the Hot Moon had come! How glad he was that he was up in the mountain!

He ran back to the hogan. The sagebush fire was burning brightly. He could smell

corn roasting. He could smell coffee boiling. He knew that breakfast was ready.



Navajo Children

After breakfast Blue Feather called Hare Track. "Come with me, Hare Track. I am going to shear a sheep."

"Oh, mother, what fun!"

Hare Track ran ahead. He ran among the sheep. He liked to play with the lambs. Some of the sheep were black. Some were

gray. Hare Track was looking for a white one.

Down by the spring he found the one that he wanted. It was the largest sheep in the herd. It did not want to be sheared.

"But you must be sheared, old sheep," said Hare Track.

Blue Feather tied the sheep's four legs together so that it could not move. It could only say, "Ba-ba."

"You foolish old sheep," said Hare Track; "we will not hurt you. The Hot Moon is come. It is time to take off your winter coat."

Clip, clip, clip, went Blue Feather's shears.

"Ba-ba-ba," went the old sheep.

At last the fleece was cut off and Blue Feather untied the sheep's legs. It scrambled to its feet and ran among the other sheep. It jumped about like a young lamb. Now it was glad that its heavy coat was gone.

Blue Feather and Hare Track carried the

fleece to the hogan. Hare Track stretched a line between two trees and hung the fleece on it.

Blue Feather sat down beside it. The fleece was full of burrs and pieces of cactus leaves. It took a long time to pull them all out.

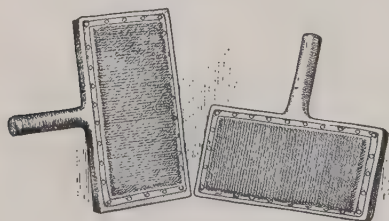


Picking over the Fleece

Did you ever go up in grandmother's attic? Did you find trunks full of old-fashioned clothes there that you dressed up in? Perhaps you found some wire brushes there that looked like these.

You asked grandfather what they were. He said they were hand cards. He took you on his knee.

“When I was a boy,” he said, “I always wore homespun suits. I used to help father shear the sheep. Then we brought the fleece home. Next we took these cards and combed out all the tangles



Wool Cards

in the wool, just as your mother combs the snarls out of your hair.

“Then your grandmother took the wool. She spun it into cloth. Now you see why we called it homespun.”

Blue Feather has some cards, too. They are just like grandfather’s. Then next day she carded the wool. It was so cold that Blue Feather wore her blanket as she worked. See her in the picture.

The wind blew her hair in her eyes. The sun shone in her face. But Blue Feather

only laughed. It was fun to comb out the tangles.

In the afternoon it was very warm. Blue Feather went in back of the hogan, where it was shady. She spun the wool. Can you see how white and fluffy it is?



Carding the Wool

The spindle spun round and round. Hare Track wondered how it went so fast. Then he ran away to find his burro, and forgot all about the spinning. He took a long ride up the mountain.

When he came back his sister was spinning. The little papoose was sitting beside her. The wool had been spun into yarn. A big white ball lay at his sister's feet. The papoose wanted to play with it.



Spinning the Wool

"To-morrow," said Blue Feather, "we will begin the blanket."

The next morning Hare Track woke up early. He smelled a sweet, spicy odor. What was it? He ran out of doors. A big kettle full of leaves was boiling over the fire.

Near by was Blue Feather. She was busy building another fire.

"Oh, what are you doing, mother, and what is it that smells so sweet?"

"Watch, my son," Blue Feather answered. So Hare Track watched.

Blue Feather took a long frying pan. She ground up some clay and put in it. Can you guess what this was? Look in your paint box. Do you see a cake of yellow paint? It is made of this same clay.

Perhaps you know now what Blue Feather was making.

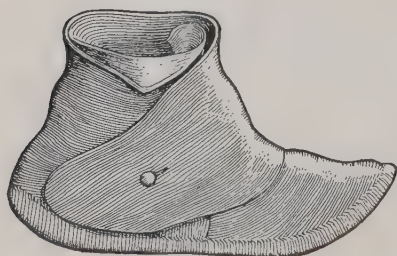
Blue Feather held the frying pan over the fire. The powder grew hot. Then it turned darker and darker, until at last it was jet black.

Then Blue Feather ran to the other kettle. She took out all the bundles of twigs and put the black powder into it.

Hare Track looked into the boiling kettle. He saw the liquid grow darker and darker. He saw it turn as black as ink. Now Hare Track knew what it was. It was dye.

Blue Feather put some of the yarn in the pot. She let it boil. When she pulled it out it was dyed black.

Hare Track had a piece of gray buckskin. He wanted to know if he might dye it. Blue



Red Eagle's Shoe

Feather let him put it in the pot. He watched it boil until Blue Feather told him to take it out. The gray buckskin was as black as your shoes.

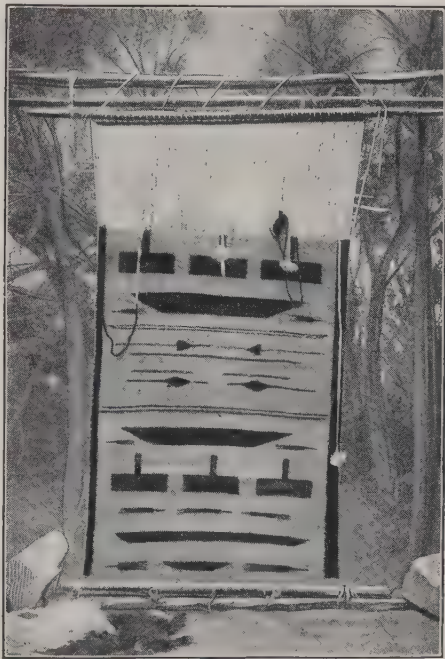
Hare Track dried it on a sagebush, and Blue Feather made him some new moccasins from it.

Such a pretty blanket as Blue Feather made. She set up her loom in the hogan. She fastened it to the branches. Many days she sat before the loom weaving. She wove the blanket of red with black and white figures. At last it was as tall as the papoose.

Then Blue Feather worked hard again.

The blanket grew to be as tall as Hare Track. At last it reached to the top of the loom. Hare Track knew now that it was done.

The next day Blue Feather rode down the mountain. The pretty new blanket was tied behind her. The little papoose was in her arms. She told Hare Track to help tend the sheep while she was gone.



Blue Feather's Blanket in the Loom

"I will be back by night," she said, as she rode away.

She went down the mountain and across the plain. She and the little papoose were all alone, but they were not afraid. Some-

times she saw another Indian in the distance. But most of the way she seemed all alone on the great plain. She rode on and on.



Blue Feather riding down the Mountain

Finally she came to a long building. This was the trader's store. Blue Feather had no money, but she had her blanket. She told the trader that she wanted some corn, sugar, and coffee. She must have some cloth, too, for Hare Track needed some new trousers.

Then she showed the trader her blanket.

He took it into the store and brought out the things that Blue Feather wanted.

Blue Feather put the things into her saddle bags and rode home. Her horse was very tired. He climbed the mountain slowly. The little papoose fell asleep. It grew darker and darker.

Higher and higher climbed Blue Feather until she reached the hogan.

The long summer went quickly. It was cold in the hogan at night. The snow began to fall. Hare Track was glad. The Hunting Moon was near, and he was to have a horse for his own. He wanted a horse more than anything in the world.

They were eating breakfast one morning when Red Eagle looked up the mountain. He saw the snow on the peaks. The sky was dark. "The storms are coming," he said. "We must go back to the plain."

They saddled the horses and called the sheep and the goats. They packed the loads for the burros.

Red Eagle picked out a fine, large horse. "He is yours," he said to Hare Track. "He is swift of foot. He is strong. To-day he is yours."

Hare Track climbed upon the horse's back. He did not have any saddle. He had always ridden bare-back.



The Race

Then he gave a whoop and rode down the mountain. He was glad to come up the

mountain. He was glad to go down to the plain.

When he reached the plain he met another Indian boy.

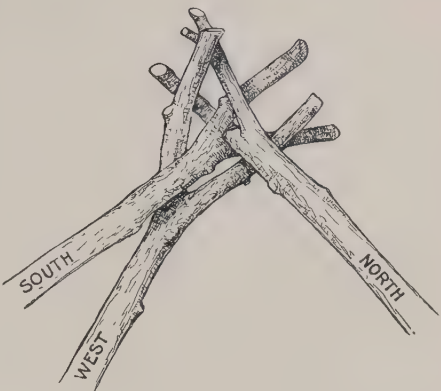
"A race!" he shouted. He whipped his horse. Away went Hare Track. Away went the other boy after him. The horses seemed to fly.

But Hare Track had the faster horse. He

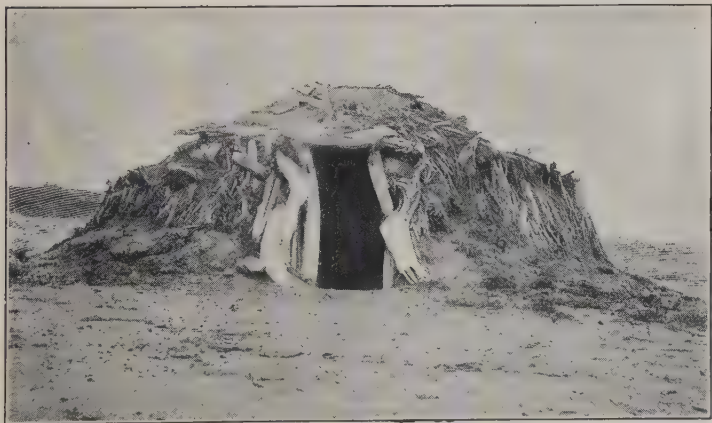
left the other boy far behind. On and on Hare Track galloped. He did not stop until he reached his home.

There stood his house just as he had left it. It looked like a mound of earth hollowed out.

It was built of poles locked together like this. Bark was then thrown



How the Poles were Locked



The Winter Hogan

over the frame. Then it was all covered with earth.

Hare Track tumbled off his horse. He let the horse eat the grass while he sat down by his house.

He looked far across the plain. He could see Red Eagle riding ahead. Behind him came the ponies and the long line of sheep.

Hare Track whistled softly to himself.

"The Hot Moon is over," he said.

BUMO AND BU

CHILDREN OF TIBET

DID you ever go up into the mountains? It is very cold there. The mountain peaks are white with snow. The wind whistles in the pine trees. The mountain sides are green with grass. There are brooks running down the mountain side. But there are no houses. How would you like to live up there?

I know a little girl who lives in the mountains all the time. Her name is Bumo. She is a little brown girl, for she plays out of doors all day long. Her cheeks are rosy, for she runs in the wind. Her hair is black and straight.



Bumo

Bumo's dress is made of sheepskin. It is very warm. The rain cannot wet through it. Did you ever see a sheepskin dress before?



Bumo's Father

"In what store did you buy your dress, Bumo?"

Bumo laughs. She does not know what a store is. "Come with me," she says; "I will show you where I got my dress."

We will climb up the mountain side with Bumo. Here is Apa with his sheep. Apa is Bumo's father. Did you ever see

so many sheep? "How many sheep has Apa, Bumo?"

Bumo points up to the sky. "As many

sheep as there are stars in the sky at night. See, some of them are far up the mountain side. They are all my father's sheep."

Apa wears a sheepskin dress, too. It is just like Bumo's. Apa wears a cap on his head made of green cloth. The rim is made of lambskin. It is a round cap. It fits on Apa's head like the cup on an acorn. It will not blow off in the wind.

In his left ear Apa wears a big ring. He is very proud of his ring. He likes to see it swing when he walks.

"We have yak, too," says Bumo, proudly. "Here is my yak. He is the biggest yak in the herd. When Apa goes on a long journey, he takes my yak with him. He can carry a big load of wool on his back."

Let us go and look at the yak. He is a big fellow. See his humped back and his long, silky black hair. What a bushy tail he has! Hear him grunt. "Do not come too near to me," he is saying. "I have two fine horns. Beware!"

Apa is not afraid of the yak. He takes hold of his long, silky hair. "Poor yak," he says, "it is time that you took off your winter overcoat."



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A Yak

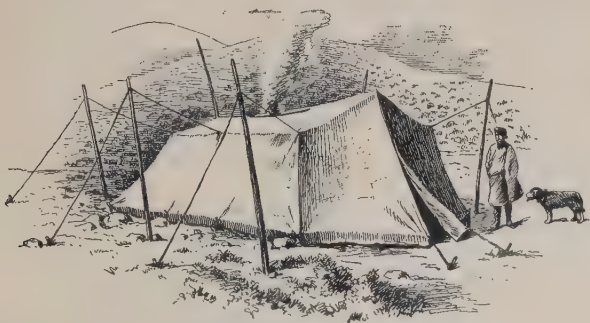
Apa takes his knife out of his belt. He cuts off all the long hair from the yak's back. The yak grunts again.

When Apa lets him go he shakes himself hard. He puts his head down like a bull and runs up the mountain.

"I wish that I had on my summer dress," says Bumo. "I am so warm in this sheepskin."

Bumo and Apa gather up the pile of yak hair and carry it into their tent. "Bumo, we will make a new tent," says Apa. "I will spin the yak hair into yarn, and Ama must weave the cloth." "And I will help," cries Bumo.

This is the tent where Bumo lives. Do you think that you could make a play tent



Bumo's Summer Home

like it? I will tell you how to do it. First set up four poles in the ground. You must set them in a square. Then take a square piece of black cloth. Cut a square hole in

the middle of the cloth. That is the window. Now put your cloth over the poles. See, your tent has a flat roof. The window is in the roof.

But your tent is not finished yet. Fasten a string to each corner of the tent. Fasten a string to the middle of each side. Then tie each string to a peg, and pound the peg into the ground hard. But how shall we get into the tent? We must cut a hole in one side for a door. Now our tent is done.

Can you guess why Bumo's tent is black? Can you guess why it is tied down to the little pegs?

You can make a bed just like Bumo's, too. It is only a long piece of felt. Will you put it inside the tent? Will you make a bed for Apa, too?

Can you whittle? Then you can make a table like Bumo's. It has no legs. It is only a block of wood.

Hark! Who is coming so fast? "Whoa, whoa, Koko!" Here is Bu on his pony,

Koko. Koko is gray and white. He can run very fast. Do you want to see how fast he can run?

Bu will show you.

Bu calls loudly, "Tam! Tam!" Tam was asleep in the tent. He rolled out under the tent and waved his hand

to Bu. "Come and race with me," calls Bu.

Tam crawls back in the tent. He brings his

saddle and runs to catch his pony, Tib. But Tib does not want to be caught. He tries to run away. Tam catches hold of his mane.



Bu and his Pony



The Saddle

He throws the saddle on Tib's back and pulls up the girths tightly. He puts one foot in the stirrup and swings himself into the saddle. "We must beat Koko, Tib," he whispers in his pony's ear. Then he gallops over to Bu.

"How long a race?" he calls to Bu. Bu points with his hand —

"Past my tent,
By the flock,
Behind your tent,
Back to the rock."

"All right," shouts Tam.

"Are you ready?" calls Bumo. She stood on top of the rock and waved a long, blue scarf. "The winner shall have my scarf," she cries.

Koko stamps his white foot. Tib pulls up the reins. Bumo claps her little brown hands. Away fly the ponies. Tib is ahead. He passes Bu's tent first. Then Koko catches up with him.

Bumo stands up on her tiptoes. She claps

her hands and jumps up and down. Koko is far ahead. They are racing around the sheep now. Bumo holds her breath. An old, fat sheep has run out from the flock. He is just in front of Koko. Bumo sees Koko stop a little. He puts his four white feet together, and jumps clear over the old sheep. How Bumo laughs!

Now the ponies are behind Tam's tent. Which head will come out first? Bumo watches. She sees a gray nose. It is Tib's. Tib comes galloping over the grass. Close to his tail is Koko's head.

Bumo throws her blue scarf on the ground. "The winner must pick it up," she cries.

Tib is almost to the rock. Koko puts his head down. He dashes ahead. Bu takes a tight hold of Koko's flying mane. He swings over to one side of his saddle. In a moment he is up again. High over Koko's head he waves the blue scarf.

Bumo has invited us to come inside her tent. Her mother is there. Bumo does

not call her mother mamma. She calls her Ama.

Ama is weaving a rug. It is white with blue and red crosses in it. Did you ever weave

a mat with crosses in it?



Little Boys of Tibet

“Ama,” says Bumo, “the summer is almost here. I am very warm in my sheepskin dress. To-day Apa sheared my yak. I am sure it is time to make my summer dress.”

Ama finishes the rug and spreads it on the floor of the tent. Is it not a pretty rug?

Then Ama goes over to the side of the tent. There was a big skin bag hanging

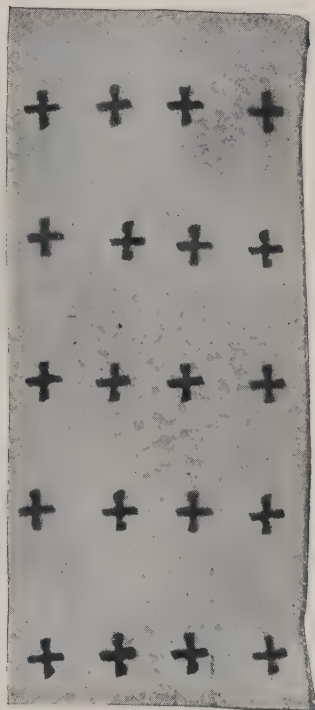
there. Ama puts her hand far down in the bag and draws out a bunch of sheep's wool. "I will begin your summer dress to-day, Bumo," says Ama. "It shall be a striped dress, and you may choose the colors."

Bumo sits still a long time thinking. She looks down at the new rug. "I would like some blue stripes and some green ones," she says.

"And I will put in some yellow ones, too," says Ama.

Bumo claps her hands. "It will be so pretty!" she cries.

Bumo can have but one summer dress. She cannot have a blue one, a pink one, and a white one, like you. So she wants all the colors in her one dress.



The Rug

While Ama is spinning the wool Bu comes running in. In his hand he holds up a little dead otter.

“See, Ama; I shot it myself,” he cries. “I was down by the river in the bushes



Otters at Play

watching the fish. Suddenly I heard a wee noise. I lay very still and waited. Then I saw an otter come creeping down to the river to catch a fish. But I caught him.” He holds up the otter proudly.

Ama takes the otter and smooths the soft skin. “It will make a beautiful border

to Bumo's dress," she says. So Bu runs out to skin the otter.

It takes many long days to make Bumo's dress, but at last it is finished. Bumo slips off her dirty sheepskin and puts on the pretty new dress. "I must go and show it to Apa," she cries, dancing out of the tent. And away she flies up the hill-side, just like a gay young butterfly.

Bu has a new summer dress, too.

His dress is not striped, but purple. He likes his new boots better. Ama made them for him from pieces of old skins and rugs. Would you like to wear shoes like these?

The sun has gone down behind the



Bumo's New Dress

mountain. It is growing dark in the tent.



One of Bu's Boots

The sheep are all tied up for the night. Apa has come in. He carries a large pail of milk in either hand. To-morrow Ama will churn it into butter.

Apa is very hungry. Bu is hungry, too. The kettle is boiling on the

queer little stove in the middle of the tent. The stove is made of stones and covered over with mud.

Ama has broken off some pieces from the brick of tea. She grinds the tea to powder in her stone mortar. She throws the powdered tea into the boiling water.

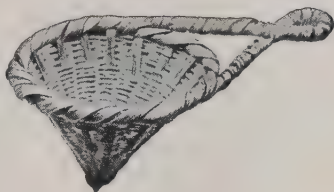


A Brick of Tea

Bumo puts in a

pinch of salt. Then she runs to get the strainer.

Bumo has never seen a silver tea strainer. Her strainer is made of bamboo. Perhaps you could weave one like it. Bumo holds the strainer over the churn. Ama pours the tea into the churn.

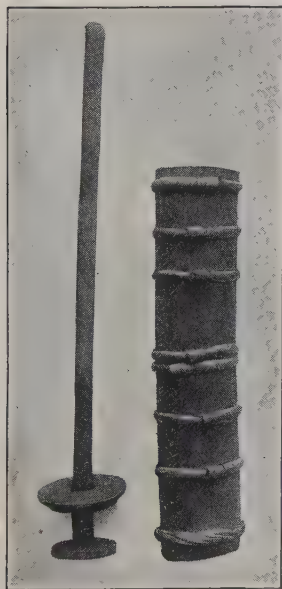


The Strainer

She puts in some butter. Then she churns the tea up and down very fast.

Now dinner is ready. The tea is poured into the teapot. Ama sets it on the table. But there are no cups and saucers. Where is the sugar bowl? Where is the bread?

Bumo opens her eyes wide. She does not know what bread is. She has never seen a sugar bowl.



The Churn

She puts her hand in her blouse and draws out a little wooden bowl. Apa fills it with tea.



Bowl and Spoon

Bu carries his little bowl in his blouse, too. Apa fills it full to the brim. Then Bu and Bumo go and sit in the tent door with their bowls of tea.

They can hear the sleepy grunts of the yak. They can hear the little lambs calling to their mothers. A big bird flies over their heads.

“O h, h o w good my supper is!” says Bu, taking a long drink of tea.

“O h, h o w good my supper is!” says Bumo, drinking up the last drop.



Pouring the Tea

They watch the shadows grow longer and longer. "I am very sleepy," says Bu. "I am very sleepy," says Bumo, just like a little parrot. The little felt beds are all ready. Ama covered them up with a big sheepskin.

"Oh, please, Ama," whispers Bumo, "tell us a story." Ama took her spindle and while she spun the wool, she began:—

Once upon a time six little hares lived beside a lake in the wood. One day they heard a great noise. The hares ran away, full of fear.

The monkeys saw the hares running and asked, "Oh, honored ones, wherefore do you run?" The

hares replied, "There was a great noise." Then the monkeys ran, too.

The bears saw the monkeys running and



The Hares Running

asked, "Oh, honored ones, wherefore do you run?" The monkeys answered, "There was a great noise." Then the bears ran, too.

The tigers saw the bears running and asked, "Oh, honored ones, wherefore do you run?" The bears answered, "There was a great noise." Then the tigers ran, too.

The lions saw the tigers running and asked, "Oh, honored ones, wherefore do you run?" The tigers answered, "There was a great noise."

Then the lions ran, too.

But one old lion with a big yellow mane lived at the foot of a mountain. When he saw the other lions running he sat still and said: "Oh, honored ones, wherefore do you run? Each of you is strong in claws and strong in teeth. Wherefore do you then run?" And the lions replied, "There was a great noise."

Then the lion shook his yellow mane angrily and asked in a loud voice, "What was this noise?" And the lions said, "We do

not know, but the tigers said that there was a great noise."

So the lion asked the tigers, "What was the noise?" And they replied, "The bears said that there was a great noise." And the bears said, "The monkeys said that there was a great noise." And the monkeys replied, "The hares said that there was a great noise." And the hares replied: "We heard the great noise as we sat by the lake. Then we ran."

Then the lion said, "We will all go to the lake and see what the great noise was." So the lions, the tigers, the bears, the monkeys, and the six little hares stole back to the lake side. "And what do you think they saw there?" Ama asked.

All is as still as a mouse in the tent. Bu and Bummo are both fast asleep. But I will whisper it in your ear. It was only a dead tree that had fallen into the lake.

JOSÉ

WHO LIVED ON THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

TO-DAY is Christmas Day. Out of doors it is snowing. The bird house is covered



José on Christmas Day

with snowflakes. It looks like an Eskimo house. I see a little boy sliding down hill. I know another little boy. He does not live in America. He lives on a wonderful island. It is Christmas Day there, too.

The little boy's name is José. Now what do you think José is doing this Christmas Day? He is not watching the snowflakes. He has never made a snowball. He is lying

asleep under a big palm tree. His brown legs are bare. There he lies fast asleep under the tree. Think of sleeping out of doors on Christmas Day!

It was very warm this day in José's island home. When it was cooler the little boy woke up. He saw his father coming out of the house, carrying a long pole. On the end of the pole was a knife.

"Oh, father, may I go, too?" cried little José.

His father nodded. José's father took long steps. José's little legs were very short. He was a fat little fellow. He had to run to keep up with his father. He was glad when they reached the top of the hill.

Here was a grove of little trees. I do not think you ever saw any like them. They were fruit trees. Long, yellowish-purple pods hung from the branches. José's father walked among the trees, hunting for the ripe pods.

When he found one he took his long pole. He reached up into the tree. He cut off the

long pod. The pod tumbled down through the branches. José held out his little shirt and tried to catch the pod. It was great fun. Sometimes it fell on José's head.

Then José's father laughed. José laughed too. But most of the pods fell on the ground. José helped gather them in a large pile. The pile grew very fast. It grew so big that soon



Catching the Pods

José could not see over it. Then they left the pods to dry in the sun. The next day José and his father climbed the hill again. This time they brought big baskets. They cut open the long pods. What do you think they found inside?

Yes, they found seeds. Twenty-five little seeds were lying in the pink pulp. It was

a soft, warm bed. José ran his brown fingers down the open pod. Twenty-five little seeds jumped out of their bed. Twenty-four little seeds fell into the basket.

The other little seed fell on to the ground and rolled down the hill. It rolled into a hole and fell asleep. Long weeks afterwards it woke up. It felt very strange.

“How tight my coat is,” it said to itself
“Oh, I believe I shall burst. There I go now.”

Pop! the little seed had burst open its coat. Do you know what was happening? It was growing. Day by day it grew until



A Cocoa Pod Open

at last it was a tree. But the twenty-four other little seeds did not grow. They went on a long journey. First they rode to town in the basket. Then they took a ride on the steam cars until they came to the sea. Here



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The Docks

they rested a long time on the docks. This was a noisy place. Steamboats were whistling. Men were rolling heavy barrels down the wharf. An old sea captain was sitting on a pile of

grain bags, telling the boys about the boats.

“Here comes a big vessel,” he said. “She is coming in to be loaded. She will carry a heavy cargo of fruit, and coffee, and cocoa berries.”

Soon our little brown seeds were hurried aboard this vessel. It brought them safely to America. They were sent to a mill and ground very fine. Some of them were made into cocoa such as you drink for breakfast. Some of them were made into chocolate candy. For José's little seeds were cocoa beans.



Cocoanut Palm Trees

Sometimes José, too, went to the seashore. Here is the beach where he played. The

water was so clear that José could see the picture of the trees in it. Did you ever see such funny trees? They looked like giant



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Climbing the Cocoanut Trees

feather dusters.

José thought they were the best trees in the world. I will tell you why.

The big boys were climbing the trees. It is not so easy as climbing apple trees, but still

the boys climbed very fast. They tried to see which would get to the top first.

José knew the boys were hunting for cocoanuts. He was very thirsty. How glad he was to hear a cocoanut drop on the beach! Then bump, bump, bump came many more. José picked up one; then he ran away very

fast. He did not want the cocoanuts to hit him on the head. He knocked the cocoanut on a stone, but he could not break it.

At last his father came down from the tree. He cut a hole in the cocoanut. Then how fast José drank the cocoanut milk! He was very hot, but the cocoanut milk was cool. How good it was! Then his father cut the cocoanut in halves. He and José ate all the soft white meat. Nothing was left but the two brown shells.

“Oh, what a fine cup this shell will make!” said José. He held the brown shell in his hand.

“Yes, and you may have it for your



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A Pile of Cocoanuts

own," said his father. "Take it home to remember this cocoanut picnic."

"Shall I take the other cup home, too?" asked José, holding up the other shell.

"That will make a fine boat," said his father. "You can play with that while I climb another tree."

José ran down to the water's edge. He put the little shell in the water. How prettily it sailed over the waves! José ran after it. All the afternoon he played with it in the water. And while he played he heard the bump, bump of the cocoanuts on the beach.

For many days the boys picked cocoanuts. You can see in the picture how many they picked.

The little girls came down to the beach, too. They played on the pile of cocoanuts with José. But the men were very busy. Each brown cocoanut grows in a hard brown husk. These husks have to be taken off. You can see how the men do it in the picture. Then the cocoanuts start on the same

journey as the cocoa beans. And, like the cocoa beans, some of the cocoanuts are made into candy. Now you know why José liked the cocoanut palm tree.

There is another reason, too. José's house is made out of palm trees. Here is the street



The Street

where José lives. And here is his house. It has a roof of palm-tree thatch. See, his fence is made of dried palm leaves.

The door to José's house is always open. The house has no floor but the hard earth. I will tell you what happened one day.

José's pet hen laid twelve eggs in her nest. She sat on the eggs many days. One morning a loud noise awoke José. Cackle! Cackle! Cackle! Such a loud noise as the old hen made! José rolled over on the floor. There was his pet hen coming in the door, and after her twelve yellow chickens.

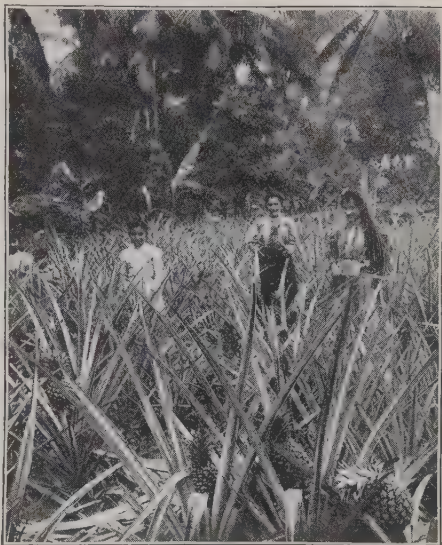
"Cackle! Cackle! Cackle!" she said again. "Wake up, little master, and see my babies!"

José and his little sisters have many places to play. One is among the young banana trees. They hide under the big leaves, and play that they are sunshades. Have you seen the big bunches of bananas in the fruit store? José has seen the bunches growing on the trees. He has seen his father cut the green bunches and tie them on the mule's back. Then his father goes to town. José wonders what he does with the bananas. Can you tell him?

José and his sisters play among the pine-apples, too. This is not such a nice place.

The pineapple leaves prick your fingers and scratch your legs. Did you ever see pineapples growing before?

Perhaps you think now that José lives on a fairy island? But this is not so. It is a real, true island not far from America. Its name is Cuba. I have not told you about all the



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A Pineapple Field

good things to eat that grow there. Shall I tell you about two more?

Close by José's house is a big field. When José was a baby his father plowed the field. He had two big oxen to draw his plow. When the field was plowed he planted it with sugar cane.

The sugar cane grew up with José, but it grew faster than the little boy. When he was eight years old it was high above his head. He used to play hide-and-seek in it.



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Plowing the Field

He broke off the branches sometimes and sucked them. They were sweet as honey.

That spring José's father cut the cane. Other men came to help him. They worked very hard. They harnessed the oxen to big carts, and drove out into the field.

José helped pile the cane in the cart. Then he asked if he might ride on top of the load. His father said yes. *granted*

He had to hold on very tight, for the roads were very rough. But José liked it. He laughed when they went over the hummocks.



Sugar Cane Growing

At last they came to a river which ran over a dam. What a pretty waterfall it was! By the waterfall stood an old mill. The

water turned the mill wheel. The load of sugar cane stopped by the mill. José helped unload and take the cane into the mill. The



The Ox Cart

mill crushed out the juice from the cane and then the juice was boiled until it made fine, white sugar.

“When I grow up,” said José, “I am going to own a sugar mill. It is such fun to watch the wheel go round.”

On the way home from the mill José

stopped at his uncle's. No one was in the house except a little dog, who woke up and barked when he saw José.

"Come, puppy," cried José, "show me where my uncle is." The little dog wagged his tail and trotted out the door. José ran after, and followed the little dog up the hillside. Soon he could hear voices. He knew now where his uncle was. He was picking his coffee berries.



A Coffee Tree

Perhaps you thought that all the coffee in the world grew in Japan. José could tell you better. He has often seen his uncle's coffee trees. In the spring they are white with

flowers. Then the flowers die and the tree is covered with little red berries.

José has helped pick the berries. He knows where there is a large coffee mill.



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Drying the Coffee Berries

He passed it on, his way to the sugar mill. He heard the wheel turning. He knew the coffee berries were being crushed out of their little red jackets. Out in the sun he saw them drying in big beds.

José did not stay long with his uncle. He gave his little cousin a large piece of sugar cane that he had saved for him. Then he ran down the hill and started home. He saw many things as he rode along in his ox cart. He passed by the market place.

There were the hat sellers. About them on the ground were spread the white sombreros. José wondered if they would sell them all.



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The Hat Sellers

Then he passed by a new schoolhouse. The little girls were standing outside. José could see his little sisters there. He wondered if he would have to go to school soon.

He wondered many things; but most of all if he would ever get home. For the sun was



The School

very hot. The oxen walked very slowly. The road was very long. And José was very sleepy.

IVAN AND OLGA

CHILDREN OF RUSSIA

“RAT-TA-TA-TA. Rat-ta-ta-ta.”

Ivan left his bowl of soup unfinished and ran out the door.

“Rat-ta-ta-ta. Rat-ta-ta-ta.” He heard again the loud call on the big oaken board. He could see the farmers driving their ox-teams up the road. The boys were running after them. They all carried big pitchforks. The women, too, were hurrying along with their wooden rakes.

“Come on, Ivan,” called his mother. With his hand safely in hers, Ivan ran along with the rest of the people. How fast they all walked! Ivan lost his breath. His cap tumbled off. Still he ran on.

The long line turned into a large courtyard. Many other farmers and their wives were waiting here. All the men wore snow-

white shirts, with bright colored girdles around their waists. Ivan had watched his mother making a girdle last winter. He could see



Olga

that his father wore it to-day. The women, too, wore white shirts, with skirts of blue, red, or green.

They did not wear hats, but handkerchiefs tied over their heads. Ivan's sister Olga had a bunch of flowers in her cap. She had her

beads on, too. Ivan ran up and whispered in her ear, "Why do you wear your beads to-day, sister?"

Olga whispered back, "Because to-day we

harvest the grain. The crop is good. We shall have enough to last all the long winter. To-day is a happy day. That is why I wear my beads."

"Rat-ta-ta-ta." This was the last call. The court was full of people.

"Hush, little Ivan," said his mother, putting her fingers to her lips. "The Master is speaking."

She let Ivan climb up beside his father in the cart. Then he could see over the heads of the people. He could hear the Master of the estate talking. He was giving his orders for the day. Some of the men and women were to cut the hay. Others were to pitch it upon the wagons. Some were to gather the grain. There were many fields. Each man and woman had his own place.

When the last word was said, the people all hurried off to the fields.

It was very early, and the sun was just up. But the summer is so short in Russia that each day must be a long one.

It was a merry crowd of workers. The men and women, the boys and girls, all worked side by side. When the hay was cut, they raked it into long rows. The sun was very



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Making Hay

hot. It dried the new-mown grass. The air was sweet with the smell of the hay.

Along one side of the field was a dense pine forest. Sometimes the cool forest breezes blew across the field. The fragrance of the

pinus mixed with the sweet odor of the hay. At noon the field was empty, for the haymakers hurried home to dinner. But soon they were back again. It was hurry, hurry, hurry, to make hay while the sun shone.

Little Ivan did not go down to the field. He was too little to help. He stood in the gateway and waved good-by to Olga. Then he ran to join the other children, for Ivan had his work to do too. Summer is such a busy season in the country in Russia.

The other children were down in the barnyard, taking care of the chickens, the ducks, and the geese. The poultry in Russia have to live indoors most of the time. The hens have a house of their own. The silly little geese have theirs, the ducks, too, have theirs. In each house there is a stove just like the stove in Ivan's house, for it is very, very cold in Russia most of the year.

But in the summer the hens, ducks, and the geese want to be out of doors. "Quack,

quack," say the ducks, "we want to go in swimming." "Cackle, cackle," say the hens, "we want to dig for worms." So the children open the doors and let them out. The big drake leads the way. He walks straight down to the meadow to a clump of willows. Then splash he goes head first into the pond. Then splash! splash! go all the ducks after him. The children run along after the chickens. They must keep track of all the fowls. When night comes they must bring them all safely home.

But it was great fun. Ivan knew all the chickens. They would eat the worms he dug for them. He knew the ducks too. Sometimes he went in swimming with them. He took his turn to run home for dinner. Then back he came, bringing part of his bread. It was more fun to feed it to the ducks than eat it himself.

A very tired little Ivan helped drive the chickens home at night. Then he ran down the road to his own house. It was not a very

large house. Ivan's father built it himself of pine logs. The roof was covered with straw thatch. Sometimes the birds came and pulled off bits of straw. Ivan knew then that the birds were building their nests. Ivan was very proud of his house because it had a veranda. None of the other houses had verandas.

When Ivan was a baby he slept in a wooden cradle. It was lined with skin so that it was soft and warm. Ivan's mother used to tie the cradle to the veranda post in summer. She told Ivan how he used to swing in the cradle. There was a lid to the cradle. When he was cold his mother shut the lid, but the baby did not smother. There was a little hole left open just big enough for Ivan's nose.



The Cradle

Now that he had outgrown the cradle, where do you think Ivan slept? Come inside the house and we will see. There were only two

rooms in Ivan's house. One was a tool room. The other was where Ivan's family lived. There was no pretty carpet on the floor. There were only hard benches to sit on.

Against the wall was a bunk, where Ivan's father and mother slept. Now where was Ivan's bed? In summer he slept on the wooden bench. In winter he and Olga slept on top of the stove. Wasn't that a funny bed? The fire burned low at night. The bricks were warm. In winter the snow drifted against the house and the cold wind blew through the cracks. Ivan was very glad to sleep on the warm bricks.

The autumn went very fast. Every day the big wagons came back loaded from the fields. Ivan used to watch them from his seat in the willow tree.

The next day he heard the sound of the flail on the barn door. All day the men worked threshing out the wheat. Then they tied it up in big bags. The oxen were yoked again to the big wagons. Bag after bag was

loaded on the wagon. When it was full the men shouted to the oxen. The oxen gave a strong pull. Off they went down the long road. Ivan asked his father where the wheat was going. "All over Europe, my boy," his father answered, "to be made into bread for the hungry little boys and girls."

One night, as they were asleep on the bench, Olga whispered to Ivan: "We must get up early to-morrow. I have been chosen to hang the corn wreath."

"Oh, Olga, may I come too?" asked Ivan.

"Yes, but now hurry and go to sleep."

When Ivan's eyes opened the next morning, Olga was already up. She had on her new embroidered shirt and her red skirt that she had spun last winter. A big pile of corn stalks lay on the floor beside her. She was weaving a wreath of them.

When it was finished Olga put it on her head. "Come, Ivan," she called running out of the house. Outside were a group of girls all dressed like Olga, and all carrying wreaths

of corn. When they saw Olga they began to sing. They danced up the road singing. Little Ivan ran along beside them. He was very proud because Olga was ahead.



Olga's Home

They turned into the big courtyard and there they began their song again. While they sang they swung their wreaths. Suddenly the big house door opened. There was the noble lady of the estate. Olga stepped forward and knelt down before the lady.

She bowed her head until her corn wreath touched the ground. Then she took off her wreath and put it on her mistress's head. Meanwhile the other girls marched about the court. An old dry wreath hung on the wall of the house. Here the girls stopped. The old wreath was taken down and a new one was hung in its place.

"That will bring good luck all the year," said Olga to Ivan. "Now come away. The harvest days are over."

But still there was plenty to do. The cabbage heads were growing big in the garden. Ivan's mother worked many days picking over the cabbages. Sometimes Ivan helped. He learned to pull off the outside leaves of the cabbage to find the solid white hearts. Later the cabbage hearts were chopped fine and packed away in salt brine for the winter. Do you think you would like to eat them? Olga was busy with the other girls beating flax. When the flax stalks had been steeped in hot water, Olga

spread them on a long board to dry. Then she beat them gently to loosen the fiber. Little Ivan watched her do it. His bright eyes wanted to see everything. He watched Olga comb the fibers and spin the cloth. Then she made pretty embroidered handkerchiefs from it.



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Wheat at the Big Fair

Every autumn there was a big fair in the city. The market place was full of little stalls. The peasant women came in from the

country. Olga, Ivan, and their father went down to the city. They lived near the river, so they went in a rowboat.



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The Market Place

Ivan's father filled the boat full of potatoes, beets, and cabbages. Olga carried the cloth that she had woven. Little Ivan had boxes of dried fruits. He had made the baskets himself of bark, and his mother filled them with plums that she had dried.

They rowed close to the market place. It

was already full of people, who came down the steps to see their beets and cabbages. Ivan took his little boxes of fruit and ran among



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Another Part of the Market Place

the crowd. Olga had a little table, where she showed her pretty cloths. Ivan sold all his boxes. He could soon jingle the pennies in his pocket. But before he went home they were all gone. He had bought a new knife for himself, and

down in his pocket was a gingerbread cake for his mother.

When Ivan came back to the boat he found it empty. The cabbages, potatoes, and beets

were all sold. Olga's pockets were full of pennies too. Her cloth was woven so well that she soon sold it. She took her place in the boat and helped her father row home. It was only four o'clock, but it was growing dark. It was cold, too, on the river. Little Ivan lay down in the bottom of the boat. He fell fast asleep and dreamed that the gingerbread man ate him up. This woke him up. He turned over. He was on top of the stove, snug and warm.

"Oh, father, how did I get here — home?" he asked.

"The gingerbread man must have carried you," laughed his father.

When he ran out of doors the next morning, the frost was white on the grass. The trees were bare. A little snowflake lit on his nose. "Winter is coming, winter is here," everything seemed to say.

Many days followed when Ivan could not go out of doors. He used to breathe against the window pane to melt the frost. Then he

would peep out. Sometimes at evening he would see Olga and the other milkmaids. They wore heavy coats now and caps. They



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The Milkmaids

even had to tie scarfs over their ears. They all carried big cans of milk on their shoulders.

Then the big snow storms came. For days and days it snowed. Houses, barns, and fences were white. Ivan listened to hear

the sleigh bells jingling. Now he knew the storm was over; he could go out.

He put on a fur coat and cap and his heavy skin boots. He looked just like an Eskimo boy. He got his sled from the tool room. How cold the wind was! Ivan jumped up

and down to keep warm. His little playmates were already out in the snow with their sleds. Can you guess where they were sliding? They were sliding down the roof of Ivan's house. Down they flew—one, two, three, four of them. Then back they climbed, up the snowdrifts to the roof.

Ivan was soon laughing and shouting with them. He was in such a hurry to have his first slide. He jumped on his sled. Down into the soft snowdrift went little Ivan, head first. Only a pair of little boots were left sticking out of the snowdrift.

And that was the last that I saw of Ivan.

CHILDREN OF THE LAND OF THE MID- NIGHT SUN

THE Land of the Midnight Sun! Did you ever hear of this strange country where in the



The Midnight Sun

summer time the sun is still shining at midnight, and in the winter it scarcely shines at all? This land lies far to the north, among the mountains.

The mountains are covered with pine and fir trees. In the winter it is very cold. The snow falls in great storms. The trees are covered with icicles. They look like Christ-



Kristina and her Pony

mas trees. Think of seeing a hundred Christmas trees all at once!

Do you know who lives in this country up among the mountains? I will tell you. Kristina and her little brown pony live here. She is coming up the mountain now. The

road is very steep, but the pony is strong and sure-footed.

Go along, little brown pony, and we will follow. The pony shakes his brown mane



Kristina's Home

and pulls very hard, for he loves Kristina. He brings her safely home.

Do you not think that Kristina has a pretty house? It is built close to the mountain side. Can you guess why? Its roof is covered with soft green thatch.

Kristina's mother is waiting in the doorway. She heard the pony's hoofs and knew that he was bringing Kristina home. There is her little sister, Senda, too, with her bucket on her arm. She is going to milk the cow. She



Kristina

will put the yoke on her neck so that she can carry the heavy pails easily. Do you think that you could carry so much milk? It is very heavy, but Senda is very strong.

Kristina is strong, too. She can churn the butter. She can help with the haying.

In the summer time they all get up early. Almost before the sun is up they are off for the meadows. They will be gone all day. They carry a big basket of lunch, and at noon they will have a picnic. Father, mother, big



Making Hay

brother, Kristina, and Senda all go. They all carry their sickles.

The grass is tall and dry, ready to be cut. Kristina gathers a handful together and cuts it with her sickle. How sweet it smells!

There are other girls to help, Marget, Brita, and Greta. Little Anna and Stina are too small to work, but it is fun to play in the hay.

Father rakes the hay. He does not make it into hay mows. He dries it on a big frame that looks like a fence.



A Hay Frame

The sun shines down on the hay and dries it. It makes the hay sweet for the cows to eat.

Senda is glad when the frame is full, for she

is very hungry. She brings the lunch basket and they all sit down on the hay.

They take out the brown bread. They find the little cream cheeses and cans of sweet milk. Little Stina and Anna have



A Meadow with Hay Frames

been gathering wild raspberries. They made baskets of leaves and filled them with berries. Such a good lunch as that one was!

Then back to the haying they all went. They covered many frames with grass.

Then their father called, "Come, mother, come, Kristina, come, Senda. It is time to go home."

They climbed back up the mountain, singing as they walked. They looked back at the field to count the hay frames. Senda could count fourteen that were full of hay.

They could hear the roar of the river far below them. Then they came to a bend in the road where they had to say good night to the meadow.

Senda drank a bowl of new milk. Then she climbed up into her little bed. The sun was still shining. "Oh, Kristina, I am — so sleepy," but Senda was already asleep.

Kristina woke up first the next morning. She dressed very quietly so as not to wake Senda. I will milk the cow this morning, she said to herself, as she ran over the wet grass. The gentle old cow saw Kristina and mooed. She knew that Kristina had some salt in her pocket. The cow put her

nose into Kristina's pocket and licked the salt.

While Kristina was milking Senda awoke, and heard her mother getting breakfast. She



Washing Clothes in the Brook

saw Kristina milking the cow. She dressed quickly and ran downstairs.

“Oh, mother, what can I do?” she asked. Her mother pointed to a basket of clothes. “These must be washed, and the berries must be picked.”

Kristina took the clothes down to the brook and washed them in the cold water. Then she rubbed them clean on the stones and spread them to dry in the sun.

Down by the brook were currant and gooseberry bushes. Senda had brought a wooden pail with her, and she filled it to the brim.



A Load of Hay

Senda and Kristina did not go to the meadow to-day. Their father went alone. He drove the old white horse. Before long he came back with a big load of hay. It

was hard for the old horse to drag the load up the mountain, but he was a good horse. He worked hard, and brought the load at last to the barn.

The pony was in his stall. He put his head through the window and whinnied. "There comes my winter dinner," he seemed to say. "How good it does smell!"

"Yes, pony, it is for you," said Kristina, taking an armful into the barn. "It will make you fat and strong."

"And the white horse shall have his share," said Senda. "You shall have all that you can eat," and she scratched his nose for him.

When Senda came out of the barn the wind blew her apron over her head. "O dear," she called to Kristina, "summer is almost over. I am so sorry, for now we can't have any more picnics in the meadow."

"Oh, but I'm glad the winter is coming," said Kristina. "I want to see the snow fly. That means Christmas is coming."

“Oh, yes! Christmas is the nicest day in all the year. Hurry up, little snowflakes! We want Christmas to come,” cried Senda.

These little girls did not have to wait long for the winter. The days soon grew very short. Sometimes the sun did not shine at all. The little brooks were frozen. The snowflakes came thick and fast.

Father had sold his wheat and cheeses. Now he was busy putting new teeth in the rake and mending the harnesses. All must be made ready for next summer.

Kristina sat many hours before her spinning wheel, spinning skeins of soft white wool. Little Senda liked to hear the whirl of the spinning wheel. She sat near by with her needle and colored cotton. She was making an apron for her little cousin for Christmas.

But mother's fingers were busiest of all. She was knitting the soft yarn that Kristina spun. She would not tell Senda what she was knitting. Perhaps it was going to be a Christmas present.

Baby, too, must be taken care of. He hung in a little bag on his mother's back.

When he cried his mother walked up and

down with him, but she did not stop knitting. Click, click, click, went the steel knitting needles.



"Baby, too, must be taken care of"

So the days flew by. Senda counted them off until she could say: "Only one week before Christmas."

Father stopped mending the wagon. He began to tie up little bundles of wheat. He harnessed the white horse into the big sleigh, and filled the sleigh full of the bundles

of wheat. Then he rode away to town. Can you guess what he was going to do with the wheat? Senda will tell you. It is for the little birds. Everybody ties a bundle of wheat outside his door on Christmas Day for the birds' Christmas dinner. Senda knew that her father was going to town to sell the bundles of wheat.



Helping Father

When he came home at night, there were other bundles in the sleigh. There were bags of flour and raisins. There were secret packages hidden away in father's pockets.

Kristina pushed her spinning wheel into

the corner, and her mother put away her knitting. The bunch of dried hops was taken down from the nail to make the Christmas ale. The old horn was taken off the shelf for Senda to clean. From the kitchen came the smell of the Christmas baking. Magic fingers changed the flour into wonderful cakes and puddings. Now Senda could say, "To-morrow is Christmas."

That was the busiest day of all. Senda and Kristina had to sweep all the little house. There were no carpets on their floor, so they sprinkled the clean floor with fir needles. At night they put lighted candles in the windows. All was ready now for Christmas Day.

The next morning the children tumbled out of bed early. It was still dark. The stars were shining. The little candles were still burning in the windows. Downstairs mother was singing. Everybody was on time to breakfast Christmas morning.

Then father told the children to put on

their furs and he would take them for a sleigh ride. Mother and baby watched them go. Baby laughed to hear the merry bells.

Such a hungry party as came back! But mother had dinner all ready for them. The brown roasted goose lay on the big platter. Every one must drink the Christmas ale from Grandfather's old horn cup. And such cakes and puddings as there were to eat!

But best of all was when dinner was over. The curtain was pulled aside, and there was the Christmas tree. Little candles twinkled all over it. Strings of red berries hung from branch to branch. On top was the beautiful Christmas star. And of course there were



The Christmas Tree

presents on it for every one. The children joined hands and danced about the tree. Then they all found their presents.

Santa Claus had not forgotten any of them. You know he lives not far from Norway. He brought Kristina some snow-shoes, and Senda a little sled. There was a little knit hood for Stina. This was what mother had been knitting.

“Oh, why does Christmas Day go so fast?” asked Senda. She wanted to coast on her sled, but it was already too dark.

“Oh, Christmas Day is not gone yet,” said her mother. “But it is too cold to go out of doors.”

“Then let’s have father tell a story,” said Kristina.

So father took little Stina on his knee, and told them this story.

Long years ago a poor traveler lost his way. A giant found him and carried him home. Now the giant was very cruel and wanted to eat the man. But the man did

not want to be eaten. So he said to himself, "I will make the giant think that I am stronger than he is."

So he said to the giant, "Come, let us see who is the stronger, you or I." The giant laughed loud and long.

"What must I do to show you that I am the stronger?"

"There is a big pine tree," answered the man. "Let us see who can punch the biggest hole in it with his head."

The giant straightened up. He ran and knocked his head hard against the tree. But he only scraped off a little of the bark. Then the man laughed.

"To-morrow," he said, "I will show you what I can do."

That night while the giant slept the man worked hard. He cut a deep hole in the tree. Then he put back the bark so that no one would know there was a hole there. When the giant woke up the man said, "Now I will take my turn."

He ran and bumped his head hard against the tree. His head went into the hole up to his ears. The giant looked greatly amazed.

“Now,” said the man, “I will prove again that I am stronger. I see you have two hatchets. Let us see which can throw higher.”

The giant seized a hatchet. He threw it so high that it lodged in the top branch of the tallest pine tree.

“Oh,” said the man, “that is nothing. Give me the other and I will toss it up on yonder white cloud.”

But the giant did not want to lose both hatchets, so he said: “Do not throw it. I will believe you.” So the man won again.

After that the giant was afraid of the man. He thought the man was really stronger than he was. One day he saw him weaving some willow twigs together. “What are you doing?” the giant asked.

“I am going to carry off your house,” said the man in a deep voice.

“Oh, please leave me my house. If you will, I will fill your hat with silver.”

“All right,” said the man. “Go and bring your silver.” While the giant was away the man dug a deep pit in the ground. He cut a hole in his hat and put his hat over the pit. The giant began to fill the hat with silver. He put in handful after handful, but still he could not fill it.

“What a large hat you have!” said the giant.

“What a stingy giant you are!” replied the man. “Come, fill up my hat or I will throw *you* into the sky.” So the giant filled up the hat with silver.

That night when the giant was asleep the man ran away with it. And after that the stupid old giant never tried to catch any more men.

PIERRE AND VIOLETTE

CHILDREN OF THE ALPS

ONCE upon a time there was a goblin who wanted to build a city. But he was very lazy. He did not want to cut down trees and saw out boards. He thought it would be easier to steal houses already built. So he bought him a big sack. He swung it over one shoulder and started around the world. Here he picked up a church and put it in his sack. Here he stole a house, and here a barn. Here he found another house that he liked. All these buildings he carried off in his sack.

At last the sack was nearly full, and the goblin was nearly home. He had only to cross the mountains to get there. Now the goblin had made a long journey and his sack was getting old and worn. Here was a long tear where a church had poked its steeple

through. But as I told you the goblin was very lazy. He would not take the trouble to mend his sack.



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A Village among the Alps

So you can guess what happened. As he went climbing down the mountain side one after another of the houses and barns fell out

through the holes in the sack. Sometimes the houses landed on the tip edge of a rock. There they stayed while the goblin went calmly on. As the hole grew larger two or three houses all tumbled out together. That left a whole village on the mountain side.

When the goblin reached the foot of the mountain he sat down to rest. He threw down his sack. Then he stared at it in surprise. There was nothing in it but holes. He looked back up the mountain. There were all the little red houses with their red roofs. There were all his pretty little churches. They were sprinkled all over the mountain. And the lazy goblin only sat down and yawned.

This is the story that Pierre's father told him as they were driving the goats home for the night. Pierre looked down the steep mountain side.

"Father," he had asked, "how did we get our house so high up on the mountain?"

So his father told him the story of the

goblin. Pierre looked at his own little house. "Is the story really true?" he asked. But his father had gone into the shed with the goats and did not hear Pierre's question.

"Well," said Pierre, "I am glad that the goblin did drop my house out here. I should not like to live in a city."

Pierre's house was very pretty. I do not think that you ever saw a prettier one. It was built of stone and wood, with a red roof. In



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The House

the windows there were boxes filled with flowers. Pierre had a little sister, Violette, who watered the flowers every morning.

At one side of the house was a garden

where young potato plants grew. There were flowers, too, that Violette took care of.

Near the garden stood the bee hive. Pierre knew all about the bees. He knew that there was a queen bee who stayed at home and laid the eggs. He knew that the other bees were workers and made the honey.

Violette found the bees in her garden. They hummed and buzzed about her flowers as they gathered the honey. Then they carried it to the hive and filled the honeycomb with it.

When the comb was full Pierre's father took it from the hive. Pierre and Violette ate it for breakfast with their bread and butter. Did you ever eat bread and honey?

Behind Pierre's house were the mountains. The mountain tops were white with snow. Sometimes the snowdrifts break from the mountain. They come falling down the

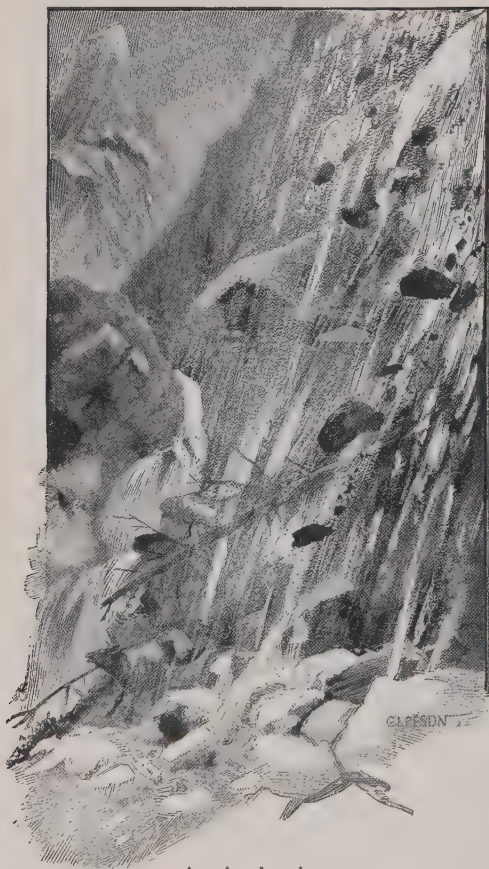
mountain side. The wind howls. The air is white with snow. Faster and faster come the drifts. Rocks and stones come, too.



The Mountains

The snow tears down trees. The people hear the noise.

“An avalanche! An avalanche!” they cry. They leave their houses. They run down the mountain. Sometimes a whole village is lost. It is covered up by the snow.



An Avalanche

“Are you not afraid, Pierre, to live on the mountain side?”

Pierre shook his head. Many years ago there was an avalanche here where Pierre now lives. The village was torn to pieces. But Pierre's grandfather and some other brave men built a new village. Then they went farther up

the mountain and built a strong wall behind the village. Behind the wall they planted trees, which have grown into a forest.

Sometimes Pierre and Violette went up

there to hunt for wild flowers in the wood. No one is allowed to cut down these trees. Can you guess why?

The wall and the trees keep the little village safe from the avalanches.

Violette had been to the woods. Her basket was full of wild strawberries and her fingers were red with berry stains. Her mouth was stained, too. All the berries did not go into the basket.

Around her head was a daisy chain. She had gathered a bunch of blue gentians for her mother. Pierre ran to meet Violette and see her fringed gentians. She let him eat three little berries. Then she ran in to find her mother.

Pierre's father came out of the goat shed carrying two pails of foaming milk. The good mother was waiting in the door. Inside, the table was set with the big loaf of bread, the red strawberries, and the great cheese.

The bowls were soon filled with the new

milk. Would you like to eat supper with Pierre and Violette?

✓ After supper the dishes were washed. The candles were lighted, and the family sat around the stove. The stove was very tall. It was as tall as the room. It was made of white porcelain. How clean it was and how shiny!

The good mother took up her embroidery. Her hands were never idle. Pierre and Violette sat on their little stools watching their father carving a piece of wood. His piece of wood was round. He was cutting out the center of it.

"I can guess what it is going to be," said Violette. "It is going to be a napkin ring."

"Right you are, little daughter," replied her father. "And now tell me what I shall carve on the ring."

"Flowers," said Violette.

So her father carved flowers on the ring. He carved a border of edelweiss. These

are little white flowers that grow high up the mountain in the snow.

Suddenly there was a noise outside. "Holla, Pierre! Holla, Violette!" and two strong arms caught up Violette. It was brother Jean. He swung Violette so high that she touched the ceiling. He kissed her on either cheek.

The good mother put down her work and brought a big bowl of goat's milk. She gave Jean a cheese sandwich. "I am glad to see you home, my son," she said.

The father, too, put aside his carving. He took Jean's hat and gun. He took the chamois skin that hung from Jean's shoulder. "So you killed him, my boy," he said.

"Yes, yes, father. Oh, mother, how good this milk is, for I am hungry as a bear! I could almost eat Violette."

Jean ate the sandwich and drank the bowl of milk. Then he drew Violette to his knee. He took a spray of pink roses off his hat and threw them around her neck. "They

are as pink as your cheeks," he said, "and they are all for you."

"And now, Pierre, draw up your stool. I



A Herd of Chamois

will tell you what I saw this morning. It was very early when the sun was just rising. I was all alone. I had climbed high up the mountain. Suddenly I heard a little noise. It was footfalls. They were very light. They were as light as Violette running on the grass. They came nearer and nearer. I

put my ear to the ground. I could hear many footfalls."

"Was it a chamois?" asked Pierre.

"Yes, it was a chamois, but more than one. There was a whole herd of them.

First came a light brown one. He was the leader. He climbed up on a high rock and stood guard. After him came one that was brown and white. Then came a gray one.

“They all had two little horns standing up on their foreheads. They began to nibble the grass. They licked the rocks. Do you know why they licked the rocks, Violette?”

“They were hunting for salt.”

“Right you are, little sister.”

“And then,” cried Pierre, “you shot the chamois.”

Jean nodded. “But the leader saw me. He stamped his forefoot hard on the rock. Every head came up from the grass. The leader gave a long, shrill cry. Away went the chamois. They jumped from rock to rock. I fired and killed one, but the rest ran away.”

“I am glad that the rest ran away, Jean,” said Violette.

“Yes, you like the roses best, little sister,

but I will sell the chamois skin. Then there will be money to buy you shoes."

He showed Pierre the long black horns and let Violette stroke the soft chamois skin.

Then the mother said, "No more tonight. To bed, to bed, children." And away scampered Pierre and Violette.

Upstairs two little shelves were built against the wall for Pierre and Violette to sleep on. Two sleepy children crept into these hard beds. Four little eyes were soon shut tight.

Downstairs mother was singing the same song that she had sung when Violette was a baby.

"Sleep, baby, sleep! Thy father tends the sheep!

Thy mother shakes the little tree,

A tiny dream falls down for thee,

Sleep, baby, sleep."

The next morning a sunbeam stole into Pierre's bed and shone in his eyes. "Wake up! Wake up!" it cried. Pierre woke up, and ran to the window. He could see the cows out in the road. There was a large

herd of them. His father was shouting to the cows. Other men of the village were out. There seemed to be cows everywhere.

“Violette, wake up,” cried Pierre. “Father is going to take the cows up the mountain.”



The Cows on the Mountain

Violette opened her sleepy eyes and tumbled out of bed. She, too, ran to the window. “Let’s hurry and get dressed,” she said.

Soon they were downstairs. Their little bowls of bread and milk were waiting for

them on the table. They had to eat breakfast alone, for every one else was out in the village.

"I'm through," said Pierre, pulling on his cap and running out of the door. After him ran Violette.

"Oh, father, do you go to the mountain to-day?" they both asked.

"May is here," he replied. "We must take the cattle up to pasture. Pierre, be a good boy and help Jean gather in the hay. Violette, take care of your flowers. Good-by."

The long line of cows had already started. A boy ahead blew his horn. The good father kissed Pierre and Violette. The shepherds began to sing.

Up the mountain they went. Jean lifted Violette high on his shoulder, so that her father could see her. He waved his cap as she threw him kisses.

They could hear the cow bells tinkling and the shepherds singing. Smaller and smaller grew the line until at last they were gone.

Then Jean put Violette down. He was going to town to-day. He took his chamois skin and his mother's piece of embroidery. He took his heavy stick, too, for he had ten miles to walk to town. But he would be back by night.

"Pierre," said Violette, "when will father come home?"

"Not for a long time," said Pierre, shaking his head sadly.

Pierre was two years older than Violette. He could remember last year when his father went away.

"Listen, Violette, and I will tell you about it. Father will drive the cows far up the mountain until he finds a place where the grass is green. There he will live in a tiny house with stones on the top to keep the roof from blowing off.

"Inside, there is a bed of hay. Every night and morning father milks the cows. He makes fine big cheeses of the milk, which he will bring home in the fall. Then Jean

sells them in the town. Oh, I wish I were a man and could go up the mountain!"

"Violette! Pierre!" came mother's voice from the house. "Here are your baskets. Run and pick some berries."



Shepherds' Houses on the Mountain

Away ran the children to the edge of the woods. They hunted out the berries under the leaves and they chased the yellow butterflies. They picked wild flowers and berries until their baskets were full.

At five o'clock mother let them go to meet Jean. They raced down the mountain like chamois. Below they could see Jean waving his hat to them. On, on, they ran.

Jean caught little Violette in his arms, and carried her home on his shoulder. To Pierre he gave his big stick. The mother, too, came to meet her boy.

"You sold the skin?" she asked.

"Yes, mother, and your work, too." He jingled the silver in his pockets. "And here are silks so that you can do more."

"And here is a knife for Pierre, but it is sharp, so take care. Now you can learn to carve. Here, Violette, your hand! Put it deep down in my pocket. There, what have you?"

Violette drew out two blue ribbons for her hair.

That evening Jean brought out the chamois horns. He told Pierre to get his knife. Then he showed him how to carve out a bone spoon.

While he worked he told them about his trip to town. "I met two men," he said. "To-morrow they will climb up the mountain. They want to cross the glacier, and I have promised to be their guide."

"Oh, Jean, will you be their guide and go away up in the snow?"

"Yes, Violette, far up across the snow."

"Then you will be gone many days?"

"Yes, many days and nights."

Then he pointed up to the snow-covered mountain that the men wanted to climb.

"But perhaps you will fall and hurt yourself."

Jean showed Violette his long Alpine stick. It was pointed on the end so that Jean could stick it into the snow. "I will not fall as long as I have my good stick," he said.

The next morning the strange men came. They looked very queer to Violette. She could not understand what they said. Jean told her that they lived far away in America. They, too, carried long sticks.

The mother gave them a box of lunch. Then Jean started off with the men.

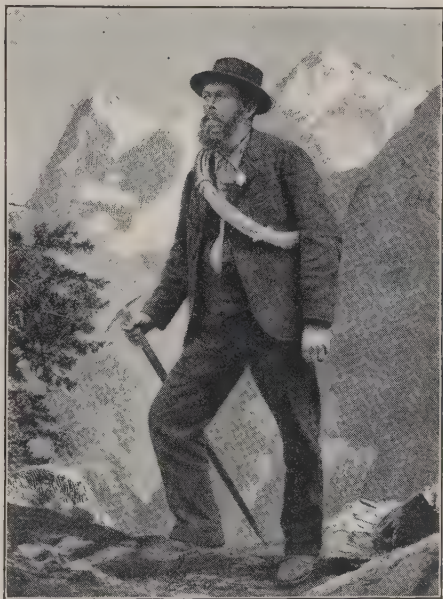
Mother took Pierre and Violette out in the yard. "See," she said, pointing up the mountain, "where the snow looks blue."

"Yes, mother, it looks like a river."

"So it does, and it is a river. Only it is a river of ice, not of water. It moves so very slowly that you could not see it move. We call

it a glacier. Jean will take the strange men across the glacier."

But at night Jean came back. He was carrying one of the men. The man had



Jean going as Guide

slipped on the ice and had sprained his ankle so that he could not walk.

The good mother took off the man's boot and bathed the ankle. Then she bandaged it.



A River of Ice

For many days the stranger staid with them. Jean made him a pair of crutches. By and by he could walk about the house. Violette was not afraid of him now. She often showed him her flowers and her bees.

One day he showed Violette

a picture of a little girl. He pointed to the picture and then to himself. Violette

knew that he meant that the little girl was his daughter.

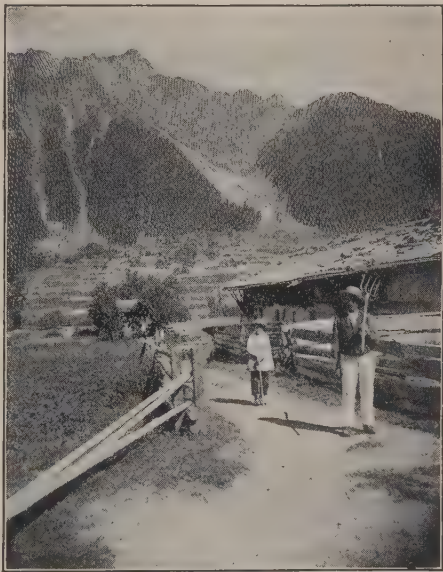
He showed Violette with his hand how tall she was. He held up seven fingers. Violette knew that she was seven years old. Then he said, "Bertha."

That was the way that he and Violette talked together.

Violette was sorry when he went away. She brought the napkin ring that her father had carved. "Bertha," she said, and gave it to Bertha's father.

She wished that she could see Bertha. She

wondered if Bertha was lonely without her father. She was lonely. Some days Jean



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Going to cut Hay

and Pierre both went to cut the hay. Jean had to bring it home on his back, for the road was too steep for a horse. Pierre brought a small load, too. Even the mother strapped a basket on her back and brought down a load.

Those days Violette worked hard hoeing potatoes. Her mother took the clothes to the village fountain. Then she and Violette washed them and spread the clothes to dry on the grass.

So the summer days flew by. Fall came. The cattle came home from the pastures. How glad Violette was to see her father! His skin was tanned. His beard was long. The cattle were fat. It had been a good summer.

The next morning Pierre and Violette knew that the summer was over. Far down the mountain they could hear the school bells ringing. The children had to leave home very early, for school began at eight o'clock.

Pierre and Violette had five miles to walk

to school. Their mother put them up a lunch and strapped their school-bags on their backs. Hand in hand they started down the mountain.

The good mother stood in the doorway. "Good-by, little Pierre; good-by, little Violette."

And the mountain echo called, "Good-by, little Pierre; good-by, little Violette."

SUGGESTIONS FOR HAND WORK

SUGGESTIONS FOR HAND WORK

(To be done by the children in connection with the reading of this book)

Pueblo Hand Work

Have the children make the clay bricks and then build the pueblo village on the sand table. Make the ladders of twigs, with the rounds tied on with raffia. Model the ovens and the burros from clay.

Near the village make a corn field. Dig the ditches and run the water through them. Make a simple plow from two sticks, and have the children make the furrows in the field, and sow the corn.

The process of crushing the corn, mixing the meal, and baking the cakes on a hot griddle to imitate the hot stone can all be done by the children and teacher together.

It will probably be wiser to postpone the weaving that might be done in connection with this story and spend the time on the

pottery making. The entire process of mixing the clay, rolling the coil, adjusting it, and the decorating of the pottery can be done by the children. In most cases the firing of the jars will have to be done by the teacher.

For art work, have the children cut from water-color paper various shapes of bowls and jars, and then paint on them simple Indian designs.

Use flat cat-tails, or rushes, to weave the baskets.

Egyptian Hand Work

Model the Nile River on the sand table, and then flood with water to show the spring inundation. (If this is impossible, use glass or painted paper instead of water.) Build simple dikes and wells. Model the cows and camels in clay.

Lay out, plow, and sow a grain field. Plant the grain in a window-box, or the greenhouse, and transplant to the sand table when sprouted.

The sailboats, the women water carriers, Egyptian ornaments, etc., can be used for subjects for art work.

Navajo Hand Work

Model the sheep and burros and form with them the long line moving across the plain. Model the high mountains on one side with the narrow trail along which the children can move the herd. Make a spring on the mountain side, and near it build the Navajo summer house of intertwined branches.

Get a piece of sheep's skin and have the children cut off the wool and card it. They can make their own cards of thin wood and nails. They can also make their own spindles of sticks with cardboard whorls. With these spindles they can spin a little of the wool, so as to get the general idea of the process. Make vegetable dye, and dye some of the wool.

The children can make simple looms, just oblong frames with rows of nails across the

ends, and can weave small blankets. The blankets can be woven all of one color, or with one central figure, or with cross bands.

Set up one of the looms near the house on the sand table, and use the blankets when done for a curtain to the door, for beds, etc.

As the last part of the lesson is read have the children build the winter house down on the plain.

Tibetan Hand Work

Continue the wool work with this story. Weave mats of some coarse wool, making a blue ground with white crosses on it. Shape some of these mats into boots.

Set up on the sand table a tent among the mountains, with its simple furnishings that are described in the lesson.

Have the children cut out wooden paddles and, using pint jars for churns, make butter.

Cuban Hand Work

Model an island, or group of islands, surrounded by the ocean, on the sand table.

Make paper boats for the harbor. On one side of the island lay out a Cuban street, building the houses of straw or palm fiber, and with thatched roofs. Model the children, dogs, chickens, and oxen, of clay. For variety in buildings, make a schoolhouse and a sugar mill.

If possible, have the cocoa bean, the coconut fruit, and the coffee berries before the children as they read the respective lessons.

Weave hats of raffia or palm fiber.

Russian Hand Work

Make as many of the farm implements, such as the rakes and the flails, as possible. Model the milk jars of clay.

Make baskets of bark. Cut, string, and dry apples to fill the baskets.

Do some coarse embroidery.

Norwegian Hand Work

Build a cottage of stone, with a roof thatched with grass, on a mountain side in the sand table. Halfway down the moun-

tain model a meadow and fill it with dried grass. Make the hay frames, cover them with dried grass, and set them up in the meadow.

Use the churns that the children have already made and make cheese out of sour milk.

Teach the children to knit a simple stitch.

Tie a sheaf of wheat outside the window for the birds.

Swiss Hand Work

Model the Alps on the sand table, covering the highest peaks with cotton for snow. Cut out little paper houses and paint the roofs red to dot along the mountain side. Use evergreen twigs to make the woods. Model the cattle, the bells, and the bee hive from clay.

Do some simple embroidering different from the Russian work.



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